The Outlook

Volume 81 Saturday, November 18, 1905 Number 12

CONTENTS

THE WEEK

The Elections: New York 635
Cox Falls in Ohio 636
In Maryland, New Jersey, etc. 637
The Victory in Philadelphia 637
The Pennsylvania Situation 638
The Outcome in Chicago 639
The Labor Party's Victory in San Francisco 639
The Russian Risings 641
The Polish Rising 641
Sir George Williams 642
Ecclesiasticism vs. Theological Progress 643
The Universalist Convention 644
Passive Resistance in England 645
Peter Pan 645
Prince Louis of Battenberg 646

EDITORIALS

The Revolt Against the Bosses 646
Football Reform 648
The Book of a Hero 650
Face to Face 652

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES

With the Caucasian Revolutionists 653
By Ernest Poole
Football and Its Critics 662
By J. William White, M.D.
What Japan Has Done in Korea 669
By George Kennan
Neighbors 673
By Jacob A. Riis
The Musician and Society 674
By Robert H. Schauffler

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

A Critic of High Rank—Paul Elmer More 678
Comment on Current Books 680

THE OUTLOOK is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The fourth issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

PRICE.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

POSTAGE IS PREPAID by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

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HOW TO REMIT.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

LETTERS should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1905

The Elections
The Rout of the Bosses in New York

The re-election of Mr. Jerome as District Attorney of the County of New York was the culmination of one of the most remarkable political campaigns in the history of this country. Although he was a candidate for a local office limited to two boroughs of the city of New York, he could hardly have won more widespread moral support if his constituency had been as broad as the land. The fact that his plurality of 16,000 this year, when he had no party organization solidly behind him, nearly equaled his plurality of 18,000 four years ago, when he was a Fusion candidate, indicates how firmly, during his campaign, he had fixed in the minds of the people the idea that voters can discard party organizations when they find them useless instruments. It is true that Mr. Jerome was nominally on the Republican ticket, but his name was not on the Republican ballot. If it had been, undoubtedly the 13,000 hopelessly stupid voters who cast their votes for Mr. Flammer, who had withdrawn, would have added their number to Mr. Jerome's plurality. Compared to Mr. Jerome's struggle against the bosses, the Mayoralty contest, though it was more turbulent, was secondary in importance. Even that, degraded as it was by appeals to passion and class feeling, showed in its result an amazing independence of boss rule. On the face of the returns Mayor McClellan was re-elected by a plurality variously calculated at from three to four thousand. The vote, as reported by the officials, for the two leading candidates was, in round numbers, for Mr. McClellan, 228,500; for Mr. Hearst, 225,000. Mr. Ivins, the Republican candidate, was hopelessly outdistanced by both Mr. McClellan and Mr. Hearst. A large part of the vote which normally would have been cast for him was divided between the other two candidates. It is clear that a great many Tammany votes were cast for the Municipal Ownership ticket; it is equally clear that Mr. McClellan's nominal plurality was supplied by Republican votes. Two years ago Mr. McClellan was appealing for support as a partisan. It is the irony of circumstance that this year he should depend for his election upon non-partisan support. It is gravely doubted, however, that he really was elected. Turbulence and violence unquestionably accompanied the voting; and the experience of Hearst and Jerome watchers shows plainly from what source that violence and turbulence originated. To the credit of New York, there has arisen an almost universal demand that every means shall be used to secure a fair and honest count. Even the bitterest enemies of Hearst and his policies are as earnest in this demand as his warmest supporters. If Mr. McClellan should be seated by fraud, that would be more dangerous for the city than anything that Mr. Hearst could do. If the people are not to have their choice effective, they might as well not choose at all. This has become an issue in New York which has overshadowed all other issues.

❀

The New York Board of Estimate and Apportionment

The most important issue in the New York City campaign was the one which has attracted the least public attention: this was as to who should constitute the Board of Estimate and Apportionment for the next four years. Under the city charter this Board possesses the power of the purse, and readers of English history do not need to be reminded that the board which possesses the power of the purse possesses the real political control. The Board of Estimate and Apportionment estimates the appropriations for public

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expenditure, apportions them to the various departments and to the subordinate branches in those departments, and possesses the power to grant franchises. There are two limitations of this power. Franchises can be granted for only a limited term, and the estimate and apportionment can be vetoed by the Board of Aldermen, though they cannot increase any of the appropriations. The Board of Estimate and Apportionment consists of eight men: the Mayor, the Comptroller, the President of the Board of Aldermen, and the President of each one of the five Boroughs of which the city of New York is composed. These men, however, do not possess equal political power in the Board. The Mayor, Comptroller, and the President of the Board of Aldermen have each three votes; the President of the Boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn, two votes each; the Presidents of the Boroughs of Queens, Bronx, and Richmond, one vote each. So far as we can learn from newspaper reports, the independent voting which was characteristic of the campaign was not extensively practiced by the voters in any independent judgment respecting the candidates for the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. Generally speaking, the candidates of the Hearst ticket were much better than the candidates of the Tammany ticket. Assuming that a recount, if ordered, will not change the results of the election, the result as regards this Board is as follows:

McClellan (Tammany)	3	votes
Metz (Tammany)	3	"
McGowan (Tammany)	3	"
Ahearn (Tammany)	2	"
Coler (Hearst)	2	"
Bermel (Republican-Hearst)	1	vote
Haffen (Tammany)	1	"
Cromwell (Republican)	1	"

This would give Tammany twelve votes, with four in opposition. But in estimating the probable effect on the future destiny of New York, it must be said that Mr. McClellan and Mr. Metz may be relied upon to put the interests of the city above those of Tammany; and that Mr. Coler is thoroughly familiar with municipal affairs and thoroughly committed to municipal ownership of public utilities, and has shown himself to be "fighting honest." While, then, there is some uncertainty respecting the financial administration of New York, and especially respecting the conditions on which important franchises will be granted, it may be said with a good degree of assurance that there is no such corporate control of the city's finances as would have followed a sweeping Tammany victory; that there is good reason to believe, as a result of the election, with a divided Board, a small popular plurality for Tammany, coupled with an overwhelming majority against it, that no contract will pass the Board of Estimate and Apportionment without thorough public discussion; and that there is reason to expect that the city's financial interests as a whole will be fairly well safeguarded.

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Cox Falls in Ohio

In Ohio the gubernatorial elections resulted in the defeat of Governor Myron T. Herrick and in the election of Mr. John M. Pattison. Both candidates are men of ability, capacity, and character. The electoral result is due to five causes, of which the primal was the general desire to defeat Boss Cox, of Cincinnati, who has been well described as the cunningest survivor of the old generation of political traffic-managers and tax-eaters. In a speech last month Secretary Taft, himself an Ohio man, said that if he were to cast his vote in Cincinnati he would vote against the Cox candidates on the municipal ticket, but would support the State ticket and Governor Herrick. This was accepted as reasonable, for the difference in political methods between Mr. Cox and Governor Herrick is fundamental. But popular anger against the boss was visited on the Governor also; a trusted correspondent in Cincinnati writes: "Taft's speech defeated Herrick throughout the State as well as the party in this county." The four other contributory causes to Governor Herrick's defeat were: (1) the general influence all over the country due to the political scandals unearthed by the failure of the Enterprise Bank in Pittsburg and by the insurance disclosures in New York, and a resulting desire to punish somebody;

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(2) the enmity of certain petty bosses at the Governor's action in the exercise of a new veto power to which they were unaccustomed; (3) the enmity of the race-track gamblers, and finally (4) of the Anti-Saloon League. Politics makes strange bedfellows. Mr. Herrick's refusal to countenance pool-selling on the race-tracks and his insistence upon a fair, not an unfair, temperance measure drew upon him a strangely commingled wrath. Both sides endeavored to show that Mr. Herrick had, by implication, indicated that he would adopt contrary courses to those taken. The liquor issue was particularly exasperating. The Brannock local option law had passed one House of the State Legislature. It provided for large local option districts, which would work well in the country, where most of the inhabitants of a particular district believed in temperance, and, by banding together, could close objectionable roadhouses. But Governor Herrick rightly believed that the large districts would not work well in the cities and towns, where most of the population of a particular district might not believe in temperance, and might, by sheer weight of numbers, force saloons upon the best streets, which had been hitherto free from offense in this way. A still more objectionable feature of the proposed law, in his opinion, lay in its permission to a "dry" district to appeal almost immediately for a new election; the "wet" district had no such chance. "This," Governor Herrick remarked, "is un-American." But the anti-liquor forces, as well as many others whose criticisms were made, not on temperance grounds only, but on grounds of just government, objected to the elastic districts provided by the Brannock law. Holding Governor Herrick responsible for these so-called "gerrymandered" districts, they voted against him on this issue alone.

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In Maryland, New Jersey, and Elsewhere

In Maryland the State Constitutional amendment, of which Senator Gorman was sponsor, was defeated by a decisive majority. This measure, which, if successful, would have enabled partisan registration officials practically to decide who should constitute the electorate of Maryland, was the supreme issue in the State. It transcended all party issues; and its failure means a victory, not for any party, but for those men of all parties who resent ring rule as a form of irresponsible tyranny. The election of Mr. Everett Colby as State Senator from Essex County, New Jersey, was practically secured by his nomination. He had won the fight against boss rule in his own party before the votes were cast. But the support which both he and Mayor Fagan, who was re-elected as Mayor of Jersey City, received from Democrats has brought confusion to the Democratic boss. Independent voting seems to have become this fall an epidemic. In Utah, where the issue was the union of Church and State, ecclesiastical bossism received a blow in the election of the Mayoralty candidate of the American party in Salt Lake City. Even in those States, such as Rhode Island and Virginia, where the party rings were too firmly intrenched to be overthrown, public sentiment was aroused by the campaign. And in Massachusetts Mr. Draper, the anti-Reciprocity candidate for Lieutenant-Governor named by the Lodge ring, although elected, had a very narrow margin. Compared with the very comfortable plurality given to Mr. Guild, the Republican candidate for Governor, Mr. Draper's close escape from defeat may be regarded as another rebuke for boss dominance. Not only in New York City, for instance, but also throughout the State, "split ballots" were cast in unheard-of numbers. The city of Troy experienced a revolution; small towns overturned rings long in power. As a consequence, dissatisfaction with the present form of ballot in New York State, which puts a premium on voting a straight party ticket, has become widespread; and the demand for a corrupt practices law has become a matter for popular discussion.

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The Victory in Philadelphia

The victory of the reform forces in Philadelphia under the leadership of Mayor Weaver was complete and convincing, the majority for the City party

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candidates amounting to very nearly fifty thousand. The election continues and emphasizes the work begun last May, when Mayor Weaver declared his independence of the "organization" and dismissed from office those who had been loyal to it rather than to the city. From that time to the present Mayor Weaver has been using every bit of his authority, constitutional, legal, moral, and personal, to break the shackles of the organization, and the results of the election on November 7 completed satisfactorily the first phase of the fight to restore clean, decent democratic government to the people of Philadelphia. We have commented from time to time on the various features of this campaign. The "organization" was not only handicapped by its notorious record of brutal, unrelenting denial of personal and civic rights, but blundered in its campaign management. The reform forces were well managed, but prevailed mainly because of the overwhelming sentiment of the voters. Not the least encouraging outcome has been the defeat of notorious ward leaders who have for years controlled their wards. "Dave" Martin, the Insurance Commissioner, for the first time in the history of his leadership, lost control of his ward. "Dave" Lane lost his ward, Senator Penrose his, and so on through a long list. Fully one-half of the ward leaders were defeated despite their efforts to carry "just this one" election. The reform victory was important and decisive so far it went. It was simply the forerunner of a series. Next February election officers in every one of the 1,167 divisions will have to be elected, and also a number of Councilmen. Next November a Governor and the Legislature are to be chosen, and in the following February a Mayor to succeed Mayor Weaver. For the first time in many years the police force in the city was actively and aggressively on the side of a fair and honest election. The effect of their presence at the polls was to prevent ballot frauds and to deter fraudulent voting. Wards like the notorious Fifth and Twelfth were actually carried for the reform forces, because the people in those wards were really interested in good government and not only had a chance to vote, but a chance to have their votes counted as cast. In other notorious wards the vote of the organization was very materially diminished.

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The Pennsylvania Situation

The election of Mr. Berry as State Treasurer will have a most salutary effect. In the first place, it means that the State treasury will be thoroughly investigated and the present system of political banking eliminated. Unfortunately, Mr. Berry does not take office until the first Monday in May next, and it is the general expectation that the present incumbent, who is a member of the State Republican organization (and the political boss of Delaware County, unless the effects there of the late election result in his undoing), will himself put the State's finances on a much more satisfactory basis, so that Mr. Berry, when he assumes office, will probably find things in a greatly improved condition. At the same time, he will no doubt have enough to do in exposing the conditions that have prevailed so as to make their recurrence in the future difficult, if not impossible. In the second place, his election means the curtailment, if not the elimination, of the Penrose-Durham influence in the State. Since Senator Quay's death, Senator Penrose has been considered his successor as State boss. Now that he has lost both the city and State election, he will hardly be able to claim that title, and there is likely to be a new political deal, and new, cleaner, more public-spirited men brought to the front. In the third place, Mr. Berry's election will encourage the selection of better candidates for the State offices and for the Legislature. It is generally believed that the State Legislature of 1907 will be a vast improvement over that of 1905, and will listen to behests of its constituents instead of flagrantly disregarding them as did its predecessor. One of the immediate results of the election is the action of Governor Pennypacker in calling an extraordinary session of the Legislature to meet January 15 to consider what political and financial reforms are demanded of the Legislature by the past and present conditions in the State.

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The Outcome in Chicago

In Chicago the chief interest centered in the election of Sanitary District Trustees. About fifteen years ago the Legislature of Illinois created the Sanitary District of Chicago, with territorial limits nearly the same as those of the city of Chicago. The purpose of the Board created was to build a canal, connecting Chicago with the Illinois River below Joliet, which should serve as a means of diverting from Lake Michigan the sewage that had been polluting the lake, the source of Chicago's water supply. Incidentally this canal has been constructed of such a size that it can be used as a portion of a deep waterway or ship canal connecting Chicago with the Gulf of Mexico through the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers. It is the expectation that Congress in time will father the deep waterway project and complete it. The Sanitary District canal has cost to date about $46,000,000. Of late years there has been complaint that the Board, composed of nine members, has been dominated by a bi-partisan ring that was allowing contractors and spoilsmen to profit at the expense of the district. It has been difficult for the people heretofore to make their influence felt in determining the make-up of the Board because of a system of nominations and cumulative voting which practically limited the choice of the people to nine persons out of ten nominees, five by each of the two principal political parties. At the earnest solicitation of Governor Deneen, backed by the independent influences in Chicago, the Legislature at its last session abolished the system of cumulative voting for Sanitary District Trustees, and rendered it practically obligatory upon both party organizations to name nine candidates for the nine positions to be filled, thus giving the voters a real choice among candidates on election day. The result was a great improvement in the character of the nominees made by both parties. The Republican ticket was headed by R. R. McCormick, now serving his first term in the City Council, a son of Ambassador McCormick, and a member of the well-known McCormick family of Chicago. Mr. McCormick is a young man, but in his brief public service he has given evidence of forcefulness and conscientious devotion to the public welfare. Mr. Frank Wenter, who headed the Democratic ticket, has been a member of the Sanitary District Board since its creation. No attack was made on the personal honesty of Mr. Wenter, but the complaint was made that he had not been sufficiently aggressive in his opposition to the bi-partisan clique that had ruled the Board while he was a member. Mr. McCormick made his slogan aggressive honesty, and on that issue was elected with the entire Republican ticket, but the varying pluralities of the different successful candidates showed much independent voting. The fight against bossism and flagrant dishonesty in which New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati were engaged in the recent election began ten years ago in Chicago, and victory has already been won. In Charles S. Deneen, a Chicago politician, Illinois has an honest Governor, whose nomination and election proved a death-blow to the old political machine of his party. Chicago at the present time has an honest Mayor and an honest City Council, both untrammeled by party bosses. In such a situation the cleaning up of the Sanitary District Board proved to be a comparatively easy matter.

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The Labor Party's Victory in San Francisco

At first thought it might seem that San Francisco offered an exception to the general triumph of the people over municipal graft and bossism. A review of the situation will show, however, that this is not an exact statement, for there are in San Francisco conflicting elements and modifying circumstances which must be taken into account. It is true that the fusion of Democrats and Republicans against the re-election of Mayor Schmitz was announced as a movement against corrupt city government, and was in part at least an anti-graft agitation. The Fusion candidate, Mr. Partridge, even said: "If our opponents win, they can consistently claim that the people of the city do not object to being robbed; . . . graft has no principles and honesty should have no politics." On the other

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hand, the supporters of Mayor Schmitz, in large numbers at least, believed that there was an attempt to represent what was really a fight against labor control as a fight against dishonesty, and many thousands of voters resented this and supported Mayor Schmitz for this reason. Whatever may have been the faults and follies of organized labor in San Francisco, it was thought by many fair-minded men to be unjust to confuse these faults and follies with political graft. Eugene E. Schmitz, who has served two terms as Mayor and was elected both times as a labor union candidate against a Republican and Democratic candidate, has now defeated a joint Republican and Democratic candidate, one, moreover, supported by most of the city newspapers. Even the "Examiner," which is Mr. Hearst's paper, did not positively support Schmitz. A victory so won indicates personal strength in the candidate. A correspondent of The Outlook in San Francisco with the best means of information, a man who in associations and position would be the last to support an anarchist or a demagogue or to take lightly charges of dishonest conduct, writes to us that, although "practically all respectable people of San Francisco and its surroundings abhor the name of Schmitz," he is not, in fact, personally a bad man, and has had great injustice done him by the newspapers.

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Reasons for the Reaction

Precisely the strong reaction on this account which this correspondent predicted in a letter written a week before the election has taken place. We may quote at some length from the letter referred to, to give our readers what we believe to be a fair view of the political situation in San Francisco:

> Mayor Schmitz is a tall, fine-looking man, of clean family life, a genuine friend of working people, desirous of doing the right thing, but not knowing very well, or very much, what that is. He is a great overgrown boy, weak and flabby of purpose, ill informed concerning public procedure and not equipped with any very high ideals or capacity for fine moral discriminations by any association with the sort of people who have these ideals and make these discriminations. In blood he is a mixture of Italian and German; in religion a Roman Catholic. From the beginning he has had as an attorney a clever Jew, Abraham Ruef. Ruef has managed to make Schmitz think he is indispensable, and Schmitz seems to be his tool and slave. Ruef has built up a system of municipal protections and privileges which without doubt is extremely profitable to him. He founds all this upon his position as an attorney, and in a recent speech which he made, occupying four and a half hours and holding the attention of a large assemblage during the whole time, he stated that he received regularly fees from the different French restaurants of the city and from the Liquor Dealers' Association, that these interests were important business ventures and required the services of a good lawyer, and he was free to confess that he was a lawyer of ability and that he thought it perfectly proper that he should earn a good living. He repudiated all notion of any such thing as graft. There can be no doubt, however, that the bawdy-houses, the cigar-stands, the gambling-houses, the pool-rooms, the French restaurants, which are a form of bawdy-house, the liquor-shops, the public building contracts, all pay regular percentage in one way or another to the system of which Ruef is the head.

Ruef and Schmitz have both had Republican affiliations, and it is said that they came near to capturing the Republican primaries, as they did once before, by throwing the labor vote into the Republican primary. Mr. Heney, the District Attorney who prosecuted Senator Mitchell, declared publicly, "I personally know that Ruef is corrupt," and that the re-election of Schmitz means a renewal of grafting. There is no doubt that a corrupt condition of things has existed in San Francisco, and Ruef has been chiefly responsible; but the result of the election and other indications go far to show a popular belief that Schmitz is not a participator in the proceeds of the wrong-doing. Moreover, the supporters of Schmitz have asserted that the newspapers most active in support of Mr. Partridge represent corporate greed, and are opposed not only to labor unions, but to the real interests of the people as against those of corporations and private interests. In short, to quote our correspondent again:

> The people of San Francisco would have risen unquestionably in great mass and defeated Schmitz even though he had the solid support of the labor vote, provided there had been a cleaner-cut case for moral enthusiasm in the character of the opposition to Schmitz, and in case that the pilfering and

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corruption which are undoubtedly connected with the Ruef business could have been more distinctly settled upon the Mayor. The labor union leaders say that they wish Schmitz were not tied up to Ruef, but they cannot exactly see how he, in reason and loyalty, could be expected to part company with him after Ruef has practically made his political existence possible.

It seems evident that Mr. Schmitz would have been held responsible for the wrong-doing, and for many undoubtedly bad appointments, had it not been that the Citizens' Alliance had aroused the hatred of the labor element by injudicious and extravagant attacks on the unions, and that in the campaign just closed the labor people identified the fusion movement with the Citizens' Alliance. As in New York the attempt to represent the Municipal Ownership party as anarchists and haters of their country nearly (if not quite) brought about the election of Hearst, so in San Francisco the tendency to represent all labor leaders as public plunderers reacted so far as even to protect those who were really guilty.

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The Russian Risings

Last week throughout Russia the industrial and political unrest continued. In the Baltic provinces there was a prevalence of murder, riot, and incendiarism which came to a head at Cronstadt, where sailors in the port mutinied and set fire to the town. This particular outbreak was due to the refusal of the demands presented earlier in the week for a reduction of the period of service and an increase in pay, for proper food and clothing, permission to attend meetings, and better treatment by the officers. What part the civilian workers took in the uprising is not clear, but apparently great numbers joined the mutineers. Severe fighting occurred between the latter and the loyal troops. The comparative nearness of Cronstadt to Peterhof, the Czar's residence, the distance being only about eight miles (while St. Petersburg is twenty-seven miles from Cronstadt), brought the Czar and his family practically into the immediate area of the revolutionary conflict. From the windows of the Peterhof palace the Czar could, with a telescope, actually watch the progress of the mutiny of his armed forces. On the day of the Cronstadt revolt General Trepov resigned the Governor-Generalship of St. Petersburg. His last official act as Chief of Police was to collect a hundred and fifty sailors from various St. Petersburg jails and send them under arrest to the naval authorities at Cronstadt. On the way the sailors overpowered the crew and took control of the boat, which arrived at Cronstadt flying a red flag. This emblem of revolution was seen from the shore, and added fuel to the flames. The revolt was finally put down. On the other side of the Baltic a peaceful revolution had occurred. During these troubled weeks Finland has been apparently the only sane part of Russia, but the people have been no less determined in their opposition than in other regions. Owing to this and to the startling disaffection of the troops there, the Czar was compelled last week to grant to the Finns the favors for which they have been contending. Nicholas II. has thus done, by compulsion, a great deal towards restoring the condition of things which he and his ancestors, as Grand Dukes of Finland, swore to support, for the Grand Duchy has never been an integral part of Russia. The impossibility of again obtaining autocratic sway over Finland, and the improbability of immediately pacifying the Poles, together with the anti-Jewish demonstrations in the south and the horrors reported from the Caucasus and Siberia, compelled the Czar, as reported last week, to agree to another and far more widespread reform —nothing less than universal suffrage, not, probably, as we have it in America, but rather an extension of the suffrage to all classes of people, subject to certain qualifications. This decision may have the immediate effect desired, but it may also be a case of sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.

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The Polish Rising

Of all the Russian risings last week, however, the most formidable seemed to be in Poland. The Russian Government acted vigorously and proclaimed martial law throughout the ten provinces which con-

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stitute Russian Poland. This proclamation caused surprise and exasperation. Taken in connection with the increasing scarcity of food and coal, it makes the outlook gloomy. The rising had started as soon as the Russian Government granted the demands of the Finns. The Poles do not forget that, like the Finns, they were once united to Russia purely by a bond of personal union. From this they argue that, as Finland has now regained its ancient liberties, so Poland should. They forget, however, that they have offended Russia by revolution far more than Finland has. It is true that Finland and Poland began their relationship to Russia much in the same way. Poland was declared independent of Russia in all save the tie of a common sovereign. That sovereign, Alexander I., swore to respect the liberal Polish Constitution, and a like oath was taken by his successor, Nicholas I., Poland preserving her Parliament meeting once every two years, a ministry responsible to it, the liberty of the press, and a separate army. But in their strivings for separation and regaining their former independence, the Poles revolted, while the Finns did not. In 1830 and 1863 bloody national risings occurred, which were put down with great difficulty. After the first, Russia annulled the Polish Constitution and proclaimed Poland an integral part of the Russian Empire, though conceding to it a separate administration. After the second rising, the name "Kingdom of Poland" disappeared from the Russian maps and official documents, and, what was still more humiliating, education in all the Polish schools and in the University of Warsaw was thenceforth carried on in the Russian language. As in Prussian Poland, such severity regarding education was in marked contrast to the freedom of language which existed across the border in Austrian Poland. Of course the example of prosperous, progressive, and fairly content Austrian Poles spurred the Prussian and Russian Poles to press for like liberty, if not for political independence. In last week's rising, however, the Russian Poles were not a unit, as the Czar's manifesto published on Monday of this week would indicate. It is true that the extremists want to restore an independent Kingdom of Poland, ultimately to embrace their brethren in Prussia and Austria. The moderates, however, ask only for the favors granted in Finland—freedom of conscience, speech, meeting, association, the press, freedom from arbitrary arrest, and, finally, the establishment of a national assembly, the consent of which shall be necessary to the enactment or repeal of any law affecting Poland. That the Czar has no notion of permitting Poland to become a second Finland is seen from his latest manifesto, in which he declares that none of the benefits resulting from his manifestoes of August 18 and October 30, in which a Russian Parliament was created, shall be conferred on "a country in revolt."

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The Founder of the Young Men's Christian Association

When George Williams, in 1844, gathered together a dozen clerks in the London business house of Messrs. Hitchcock to form "a society for improving the spiritual condition of young men in the drapery and other trades," his wildest fancy could not have pictured the Young Men's Christian Association as he lived to see it. In fifty years the organization which he had established had spread over the civilized world; it had become transformed from a prayer-meeting and missionary enterprise for dry-goods clerks into a great modern lay order, masculine in character, plastic in its constitution, devoted to a broad and varied development of young men, and engaged in many enterprises for general social progress. Scarcely anywhere can be found a Young Men's Christian Association which outwardly resembles the society established in that London shop; but everywhere the Association has preserved the spirit, the earnest religious motive, which characterized its inception. It is this spirit, rather than any outward form, that the Association owes to its founder, and it is this spirit left free to express itself in various forms that has given the Association its vitality. In 1894, when the Association celebrated its jubilee, Queen Victoria conferred upon its founder the honor of

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knighthood. In the eleven years following, Sir George continued, as before, actively engaged in promoting the work of the Association. He never made, however, a vocation out of his interest in the Association; until the day of his death last week he remained in the business in which he was engaged as "junior assistant" when he started the first Association; but at the last, when he was a rich merchant, his interest in the Association was of the same sort as that which led him, when a young man receiving a hundred and fifty pounds a year, to give a third of his income to the Association. He was a member of the Church of England, of the "evangelical" type, very earnest, and at times emotional in public address, but broad-minded in accepting the more practical and less distinctly pietistic or devotional developments in the Association's progress. His body will lie in St. Paul's Cathedral, close by the spot where he formed the first Association; but the most distinctive monument to his memory will be found not there but in the Association buildings existing all over the world.

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Ecclesiasticism vs. Theological Progress

After a procedure which has extended over several months, and which it would be as difficult as it is unnecessary to explain, the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church has refused to confirm the nomination of Dr. H. G. Mitchell as Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in the Boston University School of Theology. This action, confirming a similar action last spring, is the result of charges brought against Dr. Mitchell by three ministers and four laymen, accusing him of holding heretical views and teaching them to his students. The Bishops have practically acquitted Professor Mitchell of heresy, but have declared: "Some of the statements concerning the historic character of the early chapters of the Book of Genesis seem to us unwarranted and objectionable, and as having a tendency to invalidate the authority of other portions of Scripture." Last April they returned the nomination without action; this fall they announce that they will not, and indeed legally cannot, reverse their former decision. The Bishops, to speak plainly, have yielded to an impulse of moral timidity; they have abridged the freedom of the scholar without courageously saying that free scholarship is dangerous; they have punished a candid teacher without clearly and frankly announcing in what particulars he has offended; they have attempted to stand as defenders of the faith without committing themselves to opposing any specific line of progress. A Church has a perfect right to decide that in the schools it sustains and controls the pupils shall be informed that the earth is flat, and that any teacher who declares that the earth is round must be dismissed; if it should do so, it would be entitled to some respect, if not for its enlightenment, at least for its courage of conviction; but the Methodist Church, in this instance, has not openly and bravely stood for a traditional view; it has rather vaguely rebuked a man for the "unwarranted and objectionable" method by which he has departed from a traditional view. It has not been suggested that Dr. Mitchell has departed from the essential doctrines of the Methodist Church. His colleagues have testified to his ability as a teacher; his students have testified to the stimulating qualities of his teaching.

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The Defense of the Bishops

The "unwarranted and objectionable" statements concerning the historical character of the early chapters of the Book of Genesis are found in Dr. Mitchell's "World Before Abraham." This volume simply gives to the public in clear and intelligible form the view entertained by nearly all modern Biblical scholars respecting the composition of the Book of Genesis. In addition to his discussion of the Pentateuchal question, the author gives a translation of the first eleven chapters of Genesis, in which the documents of which those chapters are composed are distinguished by varieties of type. If Dr. Mitchell is not a fit person to teach in the Methodist Church, the teachers of Biblical literature in the first universities of England and

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America are equally unfit for their office. The action of the Bishops is defended on the ground that the law of the Methodist Church left them no option. This law provides that the Bishops must not confirm any professor if they have reasonable doubt concerning the agreement of his teaching with the doctrines of the Church, and that in the case of charges presented against the orthodoxy of any theological professor the Bishops must send their findings to the trustees of the institution "for proper action in the premises." Six months ago the Bishops referred their questions respecting the orthodoxy of Dr. Mitchell, in accordance with this law, to the trustees of the Theological Seminary; the trustees decided that Professor Mitchell's teaching was not inconsistent with the doctrines of the Church and returned his nomination, requesting his confirmation. The unanimity of the Bishops is defended on the ground that the proper action was not taken in this case by the Board of Trustees; that there should have been a revision or a withdrawal of the statements of which complaint had been made, or, failing this, the transmission of the matter to the annual Conference of which Professor Mitchell is a member, to determine whether Professor Mitchell was orthodox or not. The Outlook hesitates to pass on any purely ecclesiastico-constitutional question; but if we understand the facts in this case, it appears to us very clear that the trustees did exactly what they ought to have done. They inquired as to Dr. Mitchell's orthodoxy; they decided that there was no reasonable doubt concerning his teaching, and they acted accordingly. In our judgment, the action of the Board of Bishops can be defended only on the ground that under the Methodist law, if any man's orthodoxy is questioned, he is to be considered unorthodox until his orthodoxy has been established—a principle the reverse of that which prevails in non-ecclesiastical courts. The only effect which we anticipate from the action of the Board of Bishops is some increased timidity in theological professors, some increased curiosity among the laity of the Methodist Church to know what is the modern view of the Pentateuch, some increased sale of Professor Mitchell's "The World Before Abraham," and, we hope, some increased resolve on the part of all Methodist ministers who have a modern education and the courage of their convictions, to give the laity the knowledge which the Bishops have attempted to prevent the Theological Seminary from giving to the clergy.

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The Universalist Convention

A characteristic of our time is the general tendency among religious bodies of the Congregational type of polity toward a closer organization for the sake of increased efficiency. This tempering of independency by some sort of centralization has appeared even among the Friends and the Jews, and has received a fresh illustration in the action of the recent biennial Convention of the Universalist Churches at Minneapolis. After initial opposition and years of hesitancy, the plan of a General Superintendent appointed by the General Convention, and State Superintendents appointed, where possible, by the State organizations, has at length been decisively adopted. This bishopric judiciously administered has been proved successful in strengthening weak churches, adjusting local differences, and promoting church extension. The Ministers' Meeting occupied the entire day before the Convention met in discussing "The New Evangelism." A distinctly evangelical spirit was evident in the Convention, especially in the spiritual sermon of Dr. Betts, of Syracuse. The now pressing social problems were discussed as they need to be in all churches, and the neglect of the Church to take her place of moral leadership in their solution was deplored. The Church, it was said, "has not had a social problem since the days of the Reformation, and must change the emphasis of its endeavors." While there will be no organic union with the Unitarian churches, there will be effort for larger co-operation and helpful fellowship. A growing missionary work in Japan is now going on, and a collection of $1,300 was made in its behalf. The next meeting will be in Philadelphia.

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Passive Resistance in England

The latest reports show that the conscientious opposition to paying taxes under the Education Act—the "Passive Resistance" movement—is steadily increasing. Summonses to court and the distraint of the goods of recusants have been more frequent this autumn than at any time since the enforcement of the law began in June, 1903. In all, nearly sixty-three thousand cases have occurred in London alone. The treatment of the recusants varies from courtesy to insolence, and from mildness to harshness. In hundreds of cases the recusants have been imprisoned, some of them four and five times, and exorbitant costs have been sometimes levied. The Act puts on the taxpayers, with the support of the public schools, that of the Church of England schools and the Roman Catholic also. Hence the resistance of Free Churchmen, with whom some members of the State Church have been moved by a sense of injustice to resist and to suffer for it. The Roman Catholic schools report the operation of the Act as beneficial. But there is every indication that at the nearing Parliamentary election it will contribute heavily to drive the present Government from power. The Chairman of the Congregational Union, the Rev. Dr. Forsyth, has made a public appeal to the Anglican Bishops, and especially to the Archbishop of Canterbury, "in the name of our common Christian dignity, honor, and brotherhood, against the insults and offenses we, fellow-members of the household of faith, are called to endure at the hands of this law." "I am sure," adds Dr. Forsyth, "that the Bishops do not know of our treatment in some rural districts by men who ought to be in the cavalry and not in the clergy at all." The bitter feeling of a multitude of Nonconformists toward the Church of England, whose clergy are the chief supporters of the Education Act, can hardly be realized at this distance.

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Peter Pan

After the indecencies of "Zaza" and "Sapho," the scarcely less veiled and more insidious indecencies of the plays presented by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the horror of "Ghosts," the tropical passion of "Monna Vanna," the sinister cynicism of "Man and Superman" and of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," Mr. Barrie's "Peter Pan," now being played at the Empire Theater in New York City, is like a breath of fresh air. It is not to be judged by the ordinary standards of the drama. It is a bit of pure phantasy by the writer who, since the death of Robert Louis Stevenson, has most truly kept the heart and mind of a child. Peter Pan, the story of the boy who refused to grow up, who first saw the light in "The Little White Bird," is for the imaginative, the eternally youthful, and the pure in heart. To all others, as much of the dramatic criticism of the play shows, it is a sealed book, lacking coherence, dramatic construction, and seriousness. Boys and girls of all ages will love it because it is a boy's mind turned inside out and put on the stage. Everything in it happens precisely as it would happen in a world made by a healthy boy of imagination. All the best things come true; there is a real wonderland to which you actually fly; there you build a house precisely as you would in an actual country; there are Indians; above all, there are pirates as ferocious, as picturesquely wicked, and as full of malevolence to children as the pirates you used to dream of were; there is a fascinating crocodile who has swallowed a clock which ticks audibly; there is a lion whom you subdue by looking at him, and when he retreats you calmly cut off his tail; there are tremendous combats in which childish ingenuity and simplicity are more than a match for the brute force of grown men; there is a pirate ship which is a joy to the eye because it is precisely what a pirate ship ought to be, and the figures on it are as black, as menacing, and as gruesome as such figures ought to be—when they go overboard, the spray comes over the rail in the most deliciously realistic manner; and, last of all, there is an enchanting vision of the tops of the trees, of Peter Pan at home in the indestructible domain of childhood, surrounded by fairy lights. Hardened sinner, weary playgoer, ennuied society man and

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woman, disillusioned pursuer of money, however you may have gone astray, you come out of the theater rested and refreshed. For two hours you have believed in fairies. You have been a child again. And nothing, it may be said in passing, could be better for the average theater-goer than to be carried back to the faith, innocence, credulity, and joy of childhood.

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Prince Louis of Battenberg

A warm welcome has been extended by the American people, officially and popularly, to Prince Louis of Battenberg and the fleet of six British war-ships which he commands, now visiting this country. Prince Louis is a nephew of King Edward, having married Princess Victoria, the daughter of Princess Alice, the King's sister. He is a Rear-Admiral in the British navy, and commands the second cruiser squadron, which consists of his flagship, the cruiser Drake, one of the finest and most recent vessels in the British navy, and, in fact, in any navy in the world, and five other cruisers of the so-called "county class"—the Berwick, the Cornwall, the Essex, the Cumberland, and the Bedford. The fleet arrived from Halifax on November first at Annapolis, where Prince Louis was welcomed by Rear-Admiral Sands, the Superintendent of the United States Naval Academy, and Governor Warfield, of Maryland. After two days' entertainment at Annapolis the Prince went to Washington, where he was officially received by President Roosevelt, to whom he delivered a message of greeting from King Edward. Prince Louis was entertained in Washington by the army, the State Department, the British Embassy, and by the President at dinner and at an informal luncheon. Last Wednesday the fleet sailed for New York, where they were welcomed by the First Division of the North Atlantic Squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans. Eight battle-ships and four cruisers constitute this division, and the combined fleets made an impressive spectacle anchored in the North River. The Prince's time since his arrival at New York has been thoroughly occupied in making and receiving visits and in attending luncheons, teas, dinners, and entertainments. Thursday, November 9, was the birthday of King Edward, and it was celebrated by royal salutes and great displays of bunting by both the British and American fleets and by a dinner given by the St. George's and other British societies of New York for Prince Louis and the officers of his squadron. The petty officers and sailors of the visiting ships have been no less cordially entertained by the American bluejackets, and the cruisers themselves have been objects of interest to crowds of enthusiastic sightseers. The warmth of the welcome extended to the visitors, and the evident sincerity of the pleasure and interest expressed by Prince Louis and his companions in everything American, are a striking index of the deep feeling of friendship existing between the two peoples. Every visit like this of Prince Louis is to be welcomed as helping to cement the friendship and to strengthen an alliance none the less real because purely informal.

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The Revolt Against the Bosses

Fifteen years ago Mr. Bryce in "The American Commonwealth" thus described the Boss and the dangers to free institutions threatened by the public endurance of his authority: "He generally avoids publicity, preferring the substance to the pomp of power, and is all the more dangerous because he sits, like a spider, hidden in the midst of his web." Mr. Bryce pointed out the real secret of the boss's power—a large section of voters who "once they have joined a party will vote at the bidding of its local leaders, however personally unworthy." And he indicated the remedy. This section, he said, "could be overthrown and bossdom extirpated, were the better citizens to maintain unbroken through a series of elections that unity and vigor of action of which they have at rare moments, and under the impulse of urgent duty, shown themselves capable."

Thus Mr. Bryce found his hope for the American Commonwealth in that in which the defeated candidate for Governor

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of Ohio sees its greatest peril. "The greatest danger now confronting the American people," says Mr. Herrick, "is the readiness, in response to some sudden whim, to desert party principles and follow some individual who claims, sometimes with sincerity, often with hypocrisy, to represent a cause that is higher than party fealty." This readiness to recognize "a cause that is higher than party fealty" nearly cost the Republican party the State of Massachusetts, elected Jerome in New York and leaves at this writing the triumph of Tammany in doubt, overthrew the Republican ring in Philadelphia, defeated Senator Gorman's game in Maryland to fasten his machine permanently on the State, and converted a Republican plurality in Ohio in 1904 of 113,000 into a Democratic plurality in 1905 of over 50,000. For in all these elections alike the real issue was between a strong man undertaking to rule the people and the people asserting their right to rule themselves.

Senator Lodge is a boss of agreeable personality—a gentleman of culture, a "scholar in politics," against whose personal integrity no suspicion has ever been uttered. But he has undertaken to tell the people of Massachusetts what they ought to wish instead of asking them what they do wish, and every vote for Mr. Whitney was less a vote for reciprocity than a vote against the spirit and methods of a political dictator. In New York City Mr. Murphy cannot be charged with directly filching from the city treasury. The methods of Tweed are not his methods. But behind him are corporations whose hope of illicit gains lies in controlling the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, which determines appropriations, lets contracts, and votes franchises. The vote for Mr. Hearst was a vote of indignant protest against boss and corporate control, increased by the forces of popular discontent and impossible idealism. If the Republican party had not been as boss-ridden as the Democratic, if Mr. Ivins had been spontaneously nominated, and he and Mr. Jerome had conducted together the campaign against bossism which they conducted separately, it is not unreasonable to believe that he, not Mr. Hearst, would now be contesting Mr. McClellan's claim to the Mayoralty.

Whatever confusion there may be in the Mayoralty campaign, there is none respecting the campaign which Mr. Jerome waged alone against the bosses of both the great political parties. The enthusiastic support accorded to him, and his triumphant election, happily demonstrate beyond possibility of question that New York City has a constantly increasing number of men who see in honest administration of office "a cause that is higher than party fealty." In Philadelphia the gas ring, which Mr. Bryce so caustically exposed fifteen years ago, had grown in audacity and rapacity; the bosses of Philadelphia stole directly from the people, and were not estopped because pestilence followed as an incident of their robbery. Never before in America, nowhere else in America, has the issue between party fealty and the cause of honest government been more clearly put. Fortunately, the citizens' party had as their leader the head of the existing city government—a man who could not be bulldozed, who dared meet force with force, and who by the vigor of his measures secured the first measurably honest election that Philadelphia has had for many years. In Maryland Mr. Gorman's constitutional amendment, unlike the amendments in the Southern States which it hypocritically pretended to copy but did not, would, if carried, have given the boss and his henchmen permanently the power to determine who might and who might not vote in the State. This astute attempt to use the Southern passion for a pure ballot in a scheme to establish a corrupt ballot aroused the indignation of voters in Maryland who could see in the freedom and purity of the suffrage "a cause that is higher than party fealty," and the result of the election is no less a defeat of bossism than is the result of the simultaneous elections in Philadelphia and New York. In the defeat of Mr. Herrick in Ohio various causes combined, but underlying them all was this same refusal of party voters to follow blindly their party leaders. The boldness of Secretary Taft's defiance of the Cincinnati boss contributed not a little to this

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result, and, whatever Republicans who put party fealty above all other causes may think, there are many thousands of voters throughout the country who will find a new cause to admire him for the enemies he has made. It will not be well to take too seriously the reported retirement from politics of Mr. Cox in Cincinnati and Mr. Gorman in Maryland; but it is something to have wrung from them such beneficent promises.

The secret of the power of the boss lies in his control—

Of the campaign fund.

Of the offices.

Of the disposable vote.

By the tardily awakened sentiment against corporate contributions to the campaign fund, let us hope before long to be enforced by a law prohibiting such contributions and by laws requiring a public report and accounting for all such funds, the first element of the boss's power will be seriously crippled. By the Civil Service regulations the second has been already materially lessened. But more important to the boss than his control of either the campaign fund or the offices is his control of the disposable vote. So long as men put party fealty above every other cause, so long the machine which nominates will also govern. Whenever a majority of American citizens realize that principles are more important than party organizations and that ethical principles are more important than political principles, the power of the boss will be gone. There will still be political leaders, but they will lead, not drive; and they will study to represent their party, not to use it. For the last ten years the country has been undergoing an education in independence of voting. The first McKinley-Bryan campaign taught a great many Democrats that a cause might be higher than party fealty; the second McKinley-Bryan campaign, without even an independent Democratic ticket to furnish a means for uniting party fealty with fealty to principle, deepened the lesson and increased the number of pupils; the Presidential election of 1904 repeated the lesson, though now the pupils were taken from the other faction of the Democratic party. But not even the election of Mr. Roosevelt in 1904 made so clear as has the series of State and municipal elections last week the issue between democracy and what we may call bossocracy, or gave so good ground for the faith that American citizens will fulfill the hopes of Mr. Bryce and prove themselves able "to maintain unbroken through a series of elections that unity and vigor of action of which they have at rare moments, and under the impulse of urgent duty, shown themselves capable."

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Football Reform

On another page Dr. J. William White, a distinguished physician of Philadelphia, closely affiliated with the University of Pennsylvania, makes a vigorous plea for the game of intercollegiate and interscholastic football as it is at present played in this country. He thinks the outcry against the excessive publicity, the roughness and brutality, the personal encounters and personal injuries, the cunning and dishonorable "professionalism" which are very widely supposed to accompany it, is exaggerated and unjustifiable. He believes the critics of the game are either ignorant of the facts, or timid in their fears, or are in general opposed to all virile athletics and physical development. If we could accede to his premises, we should adopt his conclusions. But we are bound to say that he presents very little corroborative evidence in support of his plea. Indeed, it seems clear to us that the weight of testimony is almost entirely against him.

What are the facts? Those who are most interested in football, either as players, or "coaches," or members of athletic committees, or expert sporting reporters, are the ones who have most to say regarding serious physical injuries and tricky, "semi-professional," or unsportsmanlike methods of play. Messrs. Walter Camp and J. E. Owsley, of Yale, Dr. Hillebrand and Professor Fine, of Princeton, and Mr. William T. Reid, Jr., of Harvard, recently met President Roosevelt in Washington, at his invitation, to confer as to what can be done to "reduce the element of brutality in play" on the football "gridiron." Some of these gentlemen, as every football

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enthusiast knows, have been great players themselves; all of them are tireless and influential supporters of various forms of intercollegiate athletics. At the conclusion of their conference they issued the following signed statement: "At a meeting with the President of the United States it was agreed that we consider that an honorable obligation exists to carry out in spirit the rules of the game of football relating to roughness, holding, and foul play; and the active coaches of our universities, being present with us, pledged themselves to so regard it and to do their utmost to carry out that obligation." Such statements and such pledges are not made under such circumstances unless the evils concerned are very real and very acute. In any newspaper which contains trustworthy and carefully collected "sporting news" daily items appear during the football season which justify a suspicion if not a belief that college football has gone beyond the point of healthful muscular and physical development in its strain upon the bodies of the players. Every amateur athlete, whether he plays baseball, football, tennis, or golf, whether he rows, or sails a "twenty-five footer," whether he runs a motor-car or motor-boat, whether he boxes or rides across country, knows that the New York "Sun" reports of athletic events are accurate and fair. We quote from some of the football despatches in the "Sun" for November 11:

Middletown, Conn., November 10.—Wesleyan and Williams meet to-morrow on Andros field. . . . The eleven, however, is in a rather crippled condition. Bailey, the full-back, who won fame in the Columbia game early in the season, has injured his leg and will not be in the game. Cunningham, a star end and drop kicker, is out of the game, as is Jack Reiter, a brother of "Bosey." Van Surdam, the All New England quarter-back for last year, is also on the retired list. Munson, one of the half-backs, dislocated his elbow the middle of the week, and his absence will be felt.

Amherst, Mass., November 10.—In spite of Amherst's almost hopelessly crippled team, which resulted from the fierce game with Holy Cross last week, Coach Hart says that the eleven best players on the squad will line up against the victorious Dartmouth team. . . . Captain Hubbard, for the first time since he entered college, has been in a critical condition through injuries, but there is no doubt that he will be in the line-up against the Hanover representatives when the game is called.

Such accounts of the physical condition of college teams are unhappily too familiar to every reader who follows the records of the game with care and interest.

Again, is it true that the criticism of present-day football methods comes chiefly from the intellectuals—from those "black-coated, stiff-jointed, soft-muscled, paste-complexioned" persons who have no interest in physical exercise and manly sports? We think not. The conference at Washington, to which we have already referred, is a distinct indication that the President, than whom there is no sounder advocate of the *mens sana in corpore sano* idea in this country to-day, believes that the time has come for football reform. Dr. White quotes a paragraph from an admirable speech of Mr. Roosevelt's on football as testimony that "broken arms and collar-bones" are negligible when compared with the courage and hardihood which football develops. "But," added the President, in the same speech—a fact which Dr. White omits to mention—"when these injuries are inflicted by others, either wantonly or of set design, we are confronted by the question, not of damage to one man's body, but of damage to the other man's character. Brutality in playing a game should awaken the heartiest and most plainly shown contempt for the player guilty of it, especially if this brutality is coupled with a low cunning in committing it without getting caught by the umpire. I hope to see both graduate and undergraduate opinion come to scorn such a man as one guilty of base and dishonorable action, who has no place in the regard of gallant and upright men." What stronger implicit testimony can there be that the tendency of college football to-day has been to lower the standards of honor and fair play? If explicit testimony is desired, it will be found in a recent editorial of "The Harvard Bulletin," the athletic organ of Harvard graduates. "Something is the matter with a game," says the "Bulletin," "which grows more and more uninteresting every year; which takes the time and attention, not only of the players, but also of

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the undergraduates as a body, until for weeks they talk and think about nothing but football; which requires the constant attendance of skilled surgeons, who conduct on the field what one of the most eminent has called 'a hospital clinic;' which injures men so that they are crippled for weeks, and, in some cases, made permanently unfit for athletic exercise. . . . Why are men coached to 'slug' and to violate the rules, with the reservation that they must not be seen by the officials? We know that players are so coached. . . . We do not want young men in the American colleges to play ladylike games, or to give up any form of athletics because it may cause injuries. . . . When, however, a game becomes so dangerous that several players are sure to be hurt in every contest between two teams, it is time to admit that something is wrong."

The Outlook neither hopes nor expects to see intercollegiate football abolished; it does hope to see its present spirit and methods radically modified and definitely improved. But if the game is not modified and improved, if its vicious tendencies are not checked, it is perfectly sure to be abolished by the force of public opinion. Those who, like Dr. White and The Outlook, sincerely admire football as a game, but who deplore it as a gladiatorial contest, must do something to save it. A policy of *laissez faire* will not do.

Dr. Johnson, whom Dr. White calls to his aid in pleading for the innocence of the game of football, was once discussing the advisability of second marriages, and was vigorously defending them. He related the experience of a friend who contracted a second marriage, although his first wife had made his life notoriously miserable by her shrewish temper. "Even that," said Dr. Johnson, "was a case where hope triumphed over experience." Dr. White's knowledge and experience in the realm of football are unquestioned; we join him in his admiration of the finer qualities of the game; and we willingly leave him to make his appeal to our readers, with the simple observation that in attempting to quiet the criticism of its vices by assuming that those vices if left alone will cure themselves, he is in danger of permitting his hopes to override his experience.

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The Book of a Hero

If it is true, as Dr. Jowett held, that the best way to teach ethics is through biography, it is also true that the lives of brave men and women afford the most inspiring material for the making of brave men and women. There ought to be in every school, as in every home, a small library of heroism, which should contain the stories, not only of the heroes of mythology—the colossal figures fashioned by the imagination of men to express the highest daring of purpose and achievement—but of patient, enduring, victorious men and women in all the walks of life. In such a library Professor Edwin Mims's "Sidney Lanier" would surely find a place. It belongs, as a piece of writing, with the very best in the American Men of Letters Series; it belongs, indeed, with the best American biography. It is an admirable piece of discriminating, judicious, intelligent, and sympathetic interpretation. The story of a Southern man told by a Southern man, it rises at once above the mists of provincialism into the clear air of universal standards and ideals. There is not a touch in the book of that besetting limitation of the older Southern writers, against which Poe protested and which Lanier himself fought all his life, of judging a man, not by the standards of his art, but by the standards of a locality. Thirty-four years ago the editor of the "Southern Magazine" wrote: "We shall not have a literature until we have a criticism which can justify its claims to be deferred to, . . . courageous enough to condemn bad art and bad workmanship, no matter whose it be; to say, for instance, to more than half the writers in these volumes, 'Ladies, you may be all that is good, noble, and fair; you may be the pride of society and the lights of your homes; so far as you are Southern women our hearts are at your feet—but you have neither the genius, the learning, nor the judgment to qualify you for literature.'" Lanier, writing to Paul Hamilton Hayne two years later regarding a popular Southern

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novel, said: "From all I can hear, 'tis a most villainous poor, pitiful piece of work; and so far from endeavoring to serve the South by blindly plastering it with absurd praises, I think all true patriots ought to unite in redeeming the land from the imputation that such books are regarded as casting honor upon the section. God forbid we should really be brought so low as that we must perforce brag of such works; and God be merciful to that man (he is an Atlanta editor) who boasted that sixteen thousand of these books had been sold in the South!" Professor Mims has long been one of the leaders of the South in his sympathetic but perfectly frank dealing with Southern books and literature, and no man of his generation has rendered a greater service to the Southern people.

Sidney Lanier is a figure whom the writers of the future will delight to reproduce in a long series of portraits, for, like Keats, he is one of those "inheritors of unfulfilled renown" whose fate it has been to accomplish much but to suggest more, and to invest rare and beautiful gifts with the pathos of arrested development and of early death. Like Timrod, Hayne, and the rest of the group of gifted young men who promised so much for the literature of the South at the breaking out of the war, Lanier was swept bare of all possessions by the tide which devastated the section from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and which left little behind save dismantled homes, abandoned fields, heroic memories, and a capital of manhood and womanhood upon which the South was to draw in the splendid story of courage and endurance which it wrote in the succeeding quarter of a century. Lanier, as a Confederate soldier, had already proved his courage, and he went through an unusually painful period of uncertainty before he discovered his vocation; bearing himself with a steadfastness and patience which stamped him at the very beginning as a man of rare character as well as of rare gifts. The very richness of his nature and the variety of his interests stood in the way of his early development. Music and poetry, so near akin in their spirit and function, so far apart in their methods, called him with voices of almost equal authority. He became a flute-player of such excellence that there seems to be no doubt that he could have attained the highest distinction with that instrument had he chosen to follow the profession of the practical musician. The science of music, its art and its history, he mastered probably as thoroughly as any man of his time in America, and the portraits and statues of the future which will most perfectly interpret him will show him with the flute at his lips.

When, after many vicissitudes, postponements, and disappointments, he found his place and his opportunity, his work in the Peabody Library in Baltimore to make up for the deficiencies of his education in the field of literary scholarship was prodigious. It would have been severe for a man in perfect health; for a semi-invalid it was nothing short of heroic; for at the time of Lanier's connection with the Johns Hopkins University as a lecturer, and when he was writing his most characteristic work in prose and verse, disease had already laid its hand upon him and was steadily reducing his vitality. For seven years he looked death in the face; and it was significant of the gallantry of the man that he wrote one of his noblest poems on his death-bed, flinging his really splendid "Sunshine" full in the face of death. It is this story of heroic work, heroic patience, and heroic sweetness that will endear Lanier to all generations of Americans and invest his career with more than literary interest. In dignity, refinement, courage, gentleness, and rich endowment he already stands among the first Americans. He fell short, as Professor Mims frankly and very clearly points out, of the highest poetic achievement because he never completely mastered the poetic form; but in "The Marshes of Glynn," "Sunrise," "Corn," and other pieces he showed the possession of a quality of imagination which no other American poet, save possibly Whitman in two or three poems, has revealed. It is impossible to read "The Marshes of Glynn" aloud without being aware at once of its verbal defects and of the flood-tide of imagination which

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lifts and bears it forward to a great vision.

Such a story as that of Lanier puts to shame the morbid self-consciousness of egotistical men and women of literary taste, but of slight literary power, who are always bewailing their lack of opportunities and denouncing their age. Lanier wasted no time in reproaches, spent none of his energy on self-pity, but heroically accepted such tools as were put into his hands, worked with the highest conscience and the finest courage on the material within his reach, and has left a few poems of permanent value and the tradition of a gallantry as inspiring as that of Chevalier Bayard and Sir Philip Sidney.

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Face to Face

The bitter outcry of Carlyle, "If God would only speak again in these days as he has spoken in other days!" has risen many times from many hearts. God spoke to Abraham, to Moses, to Elijah, to Paul, to Augustine, to John Knox; why has he become silent when the world so sorely needs guidance and heartening? "If God would only speak!" is the passionate cry of many an overburdened man and woman at the very moment when God is speaking. It is so much easier to hear the still, small voice in a past the tumult and turmoil of which have died into silence, than to hear that voice in the uproar of the present; to see the divine guidance when the long path lies clear in history as an upland road on a keen November morning, than to see it as it unfolds step by step at our feet! Moreover, God uses many languages, and continually approaches new generations of men in new forms of speech; so that each generation must master a new tongue if it would understand the divine message. Sometimes it is a sound like a voice out of heaven, sometimes a vision of an angel in the night, sometimes a dream of a ladder reaching to the skies, sometimes the burning of a bush which is not consumed, sometimes the roar of overwhelming waves and thundering heavens, sometimes a breath of consuming wrath, and sometimes a great peace. In a thousand ways God speaks to men in an intercourse and fellowship which is never broken for an instant; in the circle of which all men are included, whether prophets, poets, kings, and saints, or fishermen and outcasts; which includes the good and the bad in the same infinite compassion and love.

For God speaks as distinctly and directly to the man in his sins as in his holiest moments; and exposure, punishment, and shame are as much and as truly evidences of his presence as honor and influence and the happiest rewards of the pure life. When sins are uncovered and men brought to judgment, God's voice is heard as distinctly as when the same voice said, above the waters of baptism, "This is my beloved Son." When exposure and disgrace overtake men of position and reputation, God's voice says, "These are my children; I will not suffer them to sink to the lowest pit; they shall be saved as by fire." It is the infinite tenderness no less than the infinite justice that overtakes men who have lost the way and are selling their souls in the desert of greed and ambition and love of power. Happy is the man whose evil deed comes to the light and confronts him on the highway before he has gone over the final precipice into the pit; and happy is the community when its moral diseases reveal themselves; for it is better to be outwardly loathsome for a time than to be inwardly vile and no physician the wiser! God is speaking in these recent years in no uncertain sound, and herein, rather than any prosperity of lands or factories or ships, lies the good fortune of our time. Through the deafening noise of machinery and trade and pleasure come once more those divine tones which, whether in righteous indignation or in yearning tenderness, are the precious evidence of the sonship of man and the fatherhood of God. The happy hour for the prodigal was not that which found him feasting with his fellows, crowned with flowers and lying in the arms of pleasure; but that which came to him when he herded with the swine, and his father's voice suddenly called him from the far country home.

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WITH THE CAUCASIAN REVOLUTIONISTS

BY ERNEST POOLE

THE Middle Ages dashed into a modern revolution, in the most romantic, rockiest, richest, warmest dominion of Russia:—

I lay, with my interpreter Ivanoff, on the upper deck of a Black Sea coaster. The stars hung close above, the air was soft and balmy, though this was only March, and above in Russia all was still ice and snow. Down in the steerage behind lay a tangled mass of Armenians, Persians, Russians, Caucasians, Turks—sleeping, gambling, smoking, drinking, jabbering. Around us sat a score of gay Caucasian students homeward bound from Odessa, and a few rich Greek and Armenian merchants, a Circassian prince and his young Caucasian bride—of such marvelous dark beauty that I was ready at once to believe the old saying—"The Caucasian women are the diamonds of Russia." The students, too, were strikingly handsome in their brilliant uniforms; they had all struck at the University and were rushing home to fight. "All classes," cried one of them, "are rising! In a few months our beautiful mountains will all be free!" The mountains, dark and silent, towered out of the waves close to our left; we caught dim glimpses of turreted castles and quaint fishing hamlets. The students sang wild old mountain ballads, the music warm and throbbing with the hot blood of the south, but sad with the eternal minor note of Asia. They told me, through Ivanoff, what thrilling scenes I should witness, told stories and legends of love, jealousy, and revenge, of patriotism, tyranny, Siberia. The princess gazed up at the mountains and listened, and under her black mantilla you could see her big eyes sparkle.

"Is this all real?" I asked the American Consul in Batoum. I told him the stories I had heard. "Wonderful stories to write!" I ended, desperately. "But the magazines simply *won't* believe them!"

"Well," said the Consul, smiling, "write just what you see yourself. Here in Batoum we've had one general strike, two big revolutionist parades, one frightful massacre of men, women, and children by Cossacks, and now we have five thousand Cossacks and regulars camped all around us, the province is under martial law, and deep beneath it all a secret revolutionary committee is absolutely running the town. They show wonderful power; they are made up of all classes, from princes and doctors and lawyers to workmen and peasants; they give orders, they try criminals, they punish for all kinds of offenses. An offender gets three anonymous warnings, and then, if he continues his offense, he is shot on the street. Five have been shot in the last week; one was killed last night right here below my window. Oh, you will see enough!"

That afternoon, with the prince and his wife and two students, we drove twenty miles through soft green valleys white with spring blossoms. We saw entirely different races of peasants, Kurds and Caucasians, with different cabins, different languages, different religions; Mohammedan mosques near Greek churches, and late in the afternoon a funeral procession of men in long gowns and with uncut hair—the Doukobors. Poverty everywhere. Little children ran out by the score and scampered often half a mile behind the carriage begging for just one kopeck more. The cabins looked cheerless and bare inside; cattle, pigs, and people all in one room with uneven dirt floor. "And still they raise the taxes!" cried one of the students. "Do you wonder they are ready to fight?"

They were ready. You could see it

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in their eyes as they told of Government oppression and Cossack outrage—the same acts that cause Kentucky lynchings, only here no lynchings happened; the courts had laughed and would not punish, and the feelings were all pent up ready to burst. At dinner our thin but gigantic waiter told us a hideous story—his own little niece the sufferer. We heard more that night on the great warm docks, in the crooked, narrow streets, in long, low drinking-rooms full of men of all races and costumes—in Russian blouses, or kilts, or flowing robes with knives stuck in their belts. Asia and Europe all mixed in together boiling.

Still later, to our hotel room came one of our students bringing a tall, black-bearded man with steady gray eyes. This man read our letters from Petersburg revolutionists, and then talked long into the night, telling us where to go, giving us more letters, and promising to have word sent on ahead by the revolutionist underground mail. But about his own committee he kept silent. We had not proved ourselves as yet, and were evidently to be watched as we traveled.

Long after midnight I lay in bed in the darkness, aching from a hundred too vivid impressions. Suddenly I saw by my pillow a giant of a figure, a dark arm came out, and I felt in my hand the cold steel of a revolver. I rolled out of bed—on the other side.

"Ivanoff! Ask this man what he wants."

With exasperating slowness Ivanoff woke up and questioned.

"Why—he's our waiter. They don't allow guns in this country. He bought this from a French steamer, and he wants you to take it up inland and kill a few Cossacks. He says any kind will do."

Two days later I sat in a narrow, swaying dining-car on the train *de luxe* for Tiflis. At a long table down the middle sat some forty men, beards black and gray and white, but always beards. Fifty years ago they would have been clan chieftains. Since the emancipation of the serfs they were simply landowners. But revolutionists all! Their sons and brothers and fathers had been killed in a war they hated; their beloved free country had been enslaved sixty years back by the Russian Czar and had already been squeezed into famines and riots by the tightening grasp of Russian despots; their property was insecure; judges, police, and Cossack leaders were forever at hand, blackmailing, bullying, to be kept off only by bribery—until now the richest spot in Europe was choked in its struggle to civilization, mines undeveloped and vineyards untended. "We are beggars sitting on bags of gold!" cried one old graybeard. So now they were going to Tiflis, the capital, there to meet hundreds of others from all parts of the mountains, and demand a constitution of the Czar!

In looks and words they were still clan chieftains. Rugged, hairy faces, sunburnt, wrinkled, glowing; rough voices talking fast in harsh Georgian dialects; long coarse woolen gowns of dull red, orange, or gray, with a silver knife at the waist and across the chest a belt for cartridges—empty, according to the hated Russian law; long, flowing sleeves, big fur caps or hoods or turbans, heavy capes of black goatskin thrown back over chairs. And frock suits and silk hats! For some of these gay Georgians had been in Paris when news came of the struggle. Hats were tipped far back, faces flushed with wine, eyes gleamed under black brows, big hands gestured. The Middle Ages dashed into a modern revolution!

I looked outside. The conductor wore a knife and a revolver. At the stations the little newsboys, shrieking the latest riot sensation, were in bright, ragged mediæval dress; the loafers who gawked at the train were dressed like mountain bandits, with faces to match. And as we thundered up the valley, the long, soft streams of light from the setting sun fell on gray old cliffs and castles perched high and ready to topple with age, on solemn little buffalo oxen dragging carts whose wheels were just pieces of wood with a hole in the middle. More queer bark cabins and huts of rocks and dug-outs. More costumes, fierce faces, and bristling beards. Romantic gorges, precipices, and ravines. And all bathed in the unreal light of a dream.

Ivanoff and the prince were now

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boon companions with a rugged old chief whose wide gray beard flowed over an enormous thick chest, whose fists showed big and hairy in his loose red sleeves. As Ivanoff interpreted, I heard legends and myths that made me think of Greece and Troy and Achilles—and always of Helen. The familiar old tales had crept northward slowly from lip to lip through the centuries, and now appeared as Caucasian myths with vivid Caucasian colors. Then I heard of a famous mountain bandit named Darcia, who had lived for twenty years with his band of sixty in mountain caves, had dressed like a prince, had robbed the rich, and was forever helping the poor. And this Robin Hood had lived and robbed until he was killed six months ago!

The old man scowled, and his voice grew low and tense.

"Three weeks ago," he cried, "a workman came to me bloody and black and blue from Cossack whips—whips with iron nails for lashes. I galloped to the place—a railroad crossing. Four Cossacks were there on horseback. 'Why did you beat him?' I asked. 'Do you call that a beating?' asked one of them, leering. 'Why, we only swung our knouts a little.' I took their names and wrote to their Colonel. No answer. I went to him, and asked if he had received it. He laughed. 'Oh yes, I received it.' I asked him what legal redress there was for this outrage. 'Why,' said the Colonel, 'what harm is there in beating these stupid cattle? They bother me with hundreds of letters. I burn them all up.' He laughed. 'Since the Batoum riot we've stopped using firewood here. Paper is cheaper.'

"In the Batoum riot I saw a boy five years old imitating the men, and shouting, 'Down, down, down with—' he didn't know what. I saw six Cossacks rush on him; I seized him, and took him to the Cossack Colonel, showed the child's face bleeding, told of scores of women and children I had seen flogged by his men, who laughed while they did it. 'Ha!' cried the Colonel, who was himself still wild from the sight of blood. 'Now we know their sly tricks! Women and children to rouse sympathy for their cause! Well, I tell you we will kill all their brats till the parents learn their lesson!' I took the child home; his mother, who had been half dead with terror, fell on her knees and kissed both my hands and then my boots, sobbing, 'I shall thank you all my life!' The child had been out with his nurse, and had gone too near the riot, and the nurse had been killed. So now the boy's father and two uncles and grandfather—all are revolutionists! That's how they are made!"

In the rich, gay streets of Tiflis we saw hundreds of chiefs and nobles—with such women! Radiant Persian and Georgian beauties, some in the latest Paris gowns, others in gorgeous old-time costumes, laughing from carriages by day, and by night tripping up the broad stairs at the opera. Dreams again! But then we wandered through steep, crooked slum streets, and saw such revolting poverty that again we were drawn back to reality.

Cautiously we felt our way till we reached the real revolutionist leaders, and then we set forth a plan which had been intrusted to us by certain outside friends. It had to do with guns and certain Black Sea ships and a landing at night near Batoum; a plan wild as the Caucasus itself, wild as the Cossack outrages—but no wilder. In three days it took shape, and a secret meeting of the Committee of all the Caucasians was arranged for a night one week distant. Meanwhile those frightful stories kept rolling up till at last I refused to believe them. "We ask you to believe nothing," said the leader; "go and see for yourself," and he mapped out a week's trip through the mountains.

We went first to the Governor at Koutais. Arrayed in frock suits and high hats, we entered the anteroom, showed my credentials, and stood waiting while five attachés and guards sat watching, as though for possible bombs. At last we were ushered in. Two gigantic Cossack guards kept close behind, and in the room were several more. The Governor lay back in a deep reclining chair—an old prince, with soft white

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beard flowing down over his richly embroidered blue gown. He puffed slowly at the stem of a pipe five feet long, while a kneeling servant tended the bowl. The Governor's little blue eyes beamed benevolently. He said he was glad we had not come sooner, for then Koutais was dangerous, but now his Cossacks had made all peaceful. We would find it a charming old town.

Ivanoff asked if he had any objection to our visiting the villages near by.

"None at all," said the Governor. "My only concern is for your own safety. These mountaineers are so desperately poor and savage; they have a most painful habit of plunging a big knife far into your vitals and then twisting it in a way that produces, I am told, excruciating agony. I was a boy once myself, and I have a feeling that you will not heed my warning. But if you do go, please let me know just where, that I may take precautions."

So quieting was the courteous old prince that again I began to doubt the stories. I watched the Cossacks in their camp, and never have I seen such magnificent horsemanship. Hearty, jovial, good fellows all, they seemed to fit the warm, balmy spring morning. In the afternoon the doubts still grew. I wandered in and out of the steep, narrow streets, saw those picturesque peasants chatting in the street markets, driving solemn-eyed geese, nervous turkeys, and stoical oxen. I peered into quaint, dark smithies and booths for tailors, carpenters, shoemakers. Buds, flowers, blossoms, and leaves everywhere; glimpses of distant hilltops covered with turreted ruins. Stolid peasants trudged by under gray pigskins of wine. A water-carrier sold me delicious spring water for a tenth of a cent from the leaf-covered tankard on his back. Long-haired priests rode past on mules. And such girls! They smiled from dark passages, leaned from tiny balconies, laughed low, rippling laughter from behind garden walls. And at sunset in the town square they strolled up and down under the sleepy old trees—girls young and old, dark and fair, with bright eyes delightfully busy, for the game of love is the only game in Georgia. The handsome men with fierce, romantic eyes looked far indeed from business. Flower-girls moved in and out, the band played, a soft, hazy new moon peeped down through the trees. The birds chirped sleepily.

A score of Cossacks galloped by! And then from these same gay people came scowls and flashes of eyes and angry murmurs which rose to cries of defiance; again we heard snatches of stories that made one's blood boil. The women disappeared at nightfall, and when we asked the reason of an old gardener in the square, he said simply, "Cossacks." The men gathered in groups, and the talk grew fiercer—"Cossacks, Cossacks, Cossacks!" Even our portly, jovial landlord grew excited, and told how a cottage on the edge of the town had just been burned to the ground by drunken Cossacks at midnight, a sick woman and her baby burned to ashes. What could you do? Nothing. We could hear the infantry patrols march by, a hundred strong, and twice we heard the whoop and clatter of Cossacks. About ten o'clock in rushed our bell-boy, a little chap of twelve. One cheek had a black welt and was swelling fast, and the boy was still shaking with terror. "I couldn't! I couldn't!" he kept sobbing. At last we made him speak. "I was in a narrow street; an old woman was there; three Cossacks grabbed her. One laughed and asked, 'Old girl, where is your revolver?' Then they all laughed and shouted, 'Yes, we must search her, she is dangerous.' But she wasn't dangerous at all; she was only old, and cried. They grabbed her handkerchief and a silver buckle, and then one of them yelled, 'Ha! a revolver!' and held up something; but I saw it wasn't a revolver, but a silver purse. Then they saw me and kicked over the old woman and ran for me, and I ran; but I couldn't, I couldn't! I tried to climb the wall quick. And one of them lashed my face as I got on top, so I jumped down in a garden and ran." Again he was sobbing. Most of the stories we heard that night cannot be mentioned. What a discreet old Governor!

The next morning we drove fifteen miles back into the mountains, and there after luncheon I lay in a meadow smok-

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ing my cigar. Around me the valley was white with blossoms, the gray mountain-sides were hazy with budding green, above shone the giant white peaks and the pure snow-fields; the sky was a warm rich blue. How quiet it was! Only tiny sounds of life in the warm damp grass under my head, a tinkle from the brook that slipped under a ledge of rock and red roses; now and then a bird gave a chirp, an old horse cropped noisily, wee white kids frisked round, a fool of a yellow goose kept strutting by. Faintly from across the river came cries of toy men driving slow toy oxen; the river rippled below, and over on the other side a young woman was washing a speck of a baby, laughing when the baby shut its eyes and cried.

A sudden deep-rolling clatter of hoofs! Faint yells, oaths, and snatches of song. Across the river, round a sharp curve in the road, swept a hundred Cossacks. Huge splendid brutes sitting straight in their saddles—laughing, joking, yelling. As they passed the slow peasant ox-carts some of them leaned over and lashed the oxen. Glorious savages trained from their birth to violence, trained out on the steppes two hundred thousand strong, trained to be the Czar's police and hold his people down.

I heard quick breaths, and a little girl of ten came running with a baby in her arms. Close by me she stumbled and pitched into a deep green hollow. A loud sob of terror! I ran over and stooped to lift her, and she gave a shaking breath of relief, for we had played together all that lazy noon hour when she had laughed at my cigar—a thing she had never seen before. She seized my arm now and stared at the Cossacks as at devils. I led her off to the inn where Ivanoff sat talking, and then we three went up the mountain-side to her father's cabin.

We went in. It was gloomy; there was no window, and at first we could see nothing but a hummocky dirt floor. In the middle was a gray, smoldering bonfire; the lazy white ringlets rose and vanished among sooty rafters. A chain dangled down swinging a black iron pot into the smoke. Along one wall ran a low bench of split logs covered with bedding for the whole family. On one end of the bench sat a withered old woman who stooped over a cradle, laughing and making grotesque faces at something inside. The rest of the cabin was bare except that one corner was railed off for cattle.

The little girl stood gazing down at a huddled white figure on the other end of the bench. It was the figure of her fifteen-year-old sister, repeatedly outraged by a band of Cossacks—dying.

We found the father, tall and deep-chested, with black beard, red turban and brown cloak, a poniard stuck in the belt.

"When I rushed to the Cossack barracks," he cried, "the Colonel only grinned. He has heard hundreds of these things, and calls them jokes. All he said was, 'Point out the men who did it. I can't punish a whole regiment.'

"When I came home and told this, my younger girl, the little one who brought you—her eyes got twice as big. She took me behind the cabin, and whispered, 'Can't I go? I saw them. Can't I point to the men who did it?' I took her; but the big Colonel got red, and gave her a shove that made her fall with her head on the floor.

"What right has the Russian Czar to turn loose such wolves among us? But their time will come! In the next valley, last week, a crowd of our peasants waited for a train. On it were two hundred Cossacks. Every peasant knew some young girl who had been beaten, or worse. The train came rushing through the gorge! The track was gone! In a second over a hundred wolves were dead. We will do this many times again! And I know Almighty God will not be angry, for he is a father himself. And we will fight right on till all Russia shall be free!"

Low moans from the cabin. The little sister came out for a dipper of cold water. As she carried it in, her hand shook, and her eyes stared as though still watching something.

What a discreet old Governor! But his Cossacks were not. On the train from Koutais we joined a jolly Cossack crowd in a smoking-compartment, and

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as they drained quart after quart of fiery vodka, they laughed till the tears rolled down their swarthy cheeks, telling the same stories we heard from the peasants. We laughed, too, long and loud; and as I told wild yarns of Arizona cowboys we were clapped on the back, and one splendid young major swore he was our friend for life. Then one by one they dropped off to sleep, and I got to work on my note-book, until slowly the dim light from the smoky, swaying lamp was whitened. At five o'clock the train stopped; we got off, and the train rumbled on without us.

Cold drizzle and a small station surrounded by forest. Beside us paced a sentry, and another stood guard over a freight-car where Russian soldiers lay sleeping. A peasant woman trudged by behind a team of oxen, while her husband sat on the wooden yoke over the oxen's necks. We entered the station, drank steaming tea from a huge old samovar, and ate eggs and big hunks of cheese and delicious blue bread, and in this we were joined by our Cossack major, who had jumped off the train behind us. He was bound for the same place as we—a village twelve miles back in the mountains. "The most dangerous place you could pick out!" the Governor had told us. "Avoid it by all means!". The major proposed to drive with us. Under his tall, resplendent, white-plumed cap was a dark glowing face with black mustache and gleaming teeth and deep, sparkling eyes. His ringing laugh made you like him at once. As we galloped down hills and through forests he swore at the police and spies and judges. "Eternal bribes and blackmail," he cried. "When they see two drunken peasants together, they shout, 'A revolution.' So in yonder village. The peasants simply refused to work the fields of the nobles. 'A revolution against our Czar!' scream the spies, who are paid for what they discover. At midnight we start from our barracks a hundred miles over the mountains, we gallop all night and all day, and find nothing. Not an ounce of excitement to warm us up! These peasants are quiet as curs. All we can do is to drink and eat and sleep and have our fun with the women. You will see for yourself."

First we saw poverty. The bare cabins looked the colder and leakier in the fast thickening rain. The children were weak and thin; no jolly shouts or laughter, only dreary silence. "Well," I remarked to Ivanoff, "I hope the old Governor does expel us, the sooner the better. For of all the sickening holes on earth this is the worst."

"Right, stranger," said a sad-eyed peasant, ragged and lame. "It's a dead place for sure."

"Where in thunder did you learn English?"

"Four years with Buffalo Bill—he make me a Cossack in the rough rider troop. We have the bully time! So I broke my leg. So here I am." He spat sadly into the mud. But when I told him why I had come, he brightened. "Good. Write it in all the most big papers—how we are poor—why we strike. I will show." He took us to peasants, we used our Tiflis letters besides, and all morning we took their stories.

"Poorer every year!" cried one white, stooping old peasant, his sturdy voice shaking. "I was a serf before the emancipation in '64. Our owner took from my father every year one cow, eight swine, twelve chickens (to feed to his hunting falcons), one pig, and ten poods of gomee [rice]. He could strap us in his stocks or beat us as he pleased, and when he punished a man he beat the man's parents too for giving birth to such a devil. [An old Persian custom.] In '64 we were freed. But then our old owners shouted, 'You don't own this land. Get off!' And we had to take the very worst land, and so we starved. My father shouted, 'This is a devil's trick!' So they grabbed him at night away to Siberia, and we never saw him again. The new land got so bad we rented our old land, and so we were slaves again. They kept raising the rent, and, besides, the police and priests and judges of the Czar made us pay, or they would beat us or curse our souls. So three years ago we just stopped plowing. Then the owners grew angry because their fields were idle; they took our cattle. We went and took our own cattle back. And the police

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and judges shouted, 'This is a revolution!'"

"We have a letter from Tolstoy," said one quite intelligent man, a doctor. "He is glad of our three years' struggle. He says we make the best of all revolutions—without guns or fists or knives. We just say to the owners, 'Keep your fields. We will not come.' And to the Governor, 'Please stay in your town. We will pay you all your taxes, we will pay for all your judges, priests, and policemen. But let the judge sit in his house, the priest in his church, and the policeman in his jail. We will punish our own criminals, marry our own lovers, bury our own dead—and so we do. When a lad loves a girl so he groans when he is not with her, then he just brings her before all the people and says, 'I love her and want her to be my wife until she dies.' And the old men ask her, 'Do you love him?' And she says 'Yes,' and so they are happy. So, too, we bury our dead, and they are just as happy in heaven as they would be if the Russian priest had mumbled over their graves Russian words that most of us can't even understand. And our criminals? It is easy to catch them, for every man is a policeman; and easy to find out their rights or wrongs, for every man is a witness. And if the thief will not give back what he stole from his brother, then we just leave him alone, no one ever speaks to him, he has to go with priests and policemen, and soon he becomes nearly crazy and works till he can give back. We do not punish, we just cure. And so all kinds of disputes are settled. For now we know that we are all brothers, and any man who is mean or bad is ashamed when we make him stand up before all the people. So it is with the women. One woman had always been ugly to her sick old husband; she spat at him and called him a dog and made him eat his supper in the cow-shed. This man was so sick in his lungs he could not help himself, and he was very sad. So our old men went to her cabin and said, 'This old husband will die. Now, when we make a new life here, we must all be kind to each other like brothers, since the Czar's people are not kind. But you are a bad example to all. Now you just let him in for supper.' So in he crept from the cow-shed, coughing, and while he ate he said, 'This is my first supper here in twenty years.' And now she is always kind to him, because she knows if she is bad she must stand up before all the people. So we get along nicely. But the priests and policemen and judges don't get along nicely, for now they have only their salaries—no more bribes. And so they have brought the Cossacks."

We dined in the mess of the jovial major and his fellows. When we told of the Governor's "dangerous ruffians," they laughed and cried, "Pigs! Lambs! Quiet as mules!" These stupid peasant devils would give them no excitement, so they took it out in drink and other things. "The girls are beauties!" was the common cry as the vodka and wine flowed faster. The dinner lasted until late in the afternoon. And then came a policeman who took us to the guard tent. The Governor had telegraphed that we be instantly expelled. We were given an hour to leave. We took the full hour, and talked with other peasants, who were growling against the peaceful Tolstoyans, and told us the old stories of Cossack outrage. Then we drove three hours through dark forests and gorges, past peasants by the hundred. But never did we feel that "excruciating agony." What a wise old Governor!

But all peasants were not so peaceful. In the next two days we talked with many, we saw the same abject poverty, heard the same gruesome tales, saw fists clinch and black eyes gleam. And the more we heard from both peasants and Cossacks, the more eager we grew to get back to our plan in Tiflis. So, our work ended, with note-book and camera filled, we took the train once more up that wonderful valley of castles and ruins and gorges.

"They have killed the engineer!" cried a voice. "In the train ahead! The bandits shot him!" Our train had stopped in a narrow valley with bare black mountains on either side and in front a rocky gorge, where an engineer had been killed that morning. Our engineer refused to go on. By nightfall

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our impatience warmed. That Committee had been called to meet from all over the Caucasus.

"Well," said Ivanoff, calmly, "suppose *we* run the engine." He took me into the roundhouse, climbed into the cab, and showed exactly how every lever, throttle, and valve did its work. "I ran one for two weeks once in Poland," he ended. It struck me as very funny. "But hold on," he cried. "Why can't we? They only run fifteen miles an hour, and all you do is to stand in the tender and throw wood into the furnace." At last I gave in, we offered our services, and were at once surrounded by admiring passengers.

But soon I began to notice scowls and sneers and growls from the railroad workmen. I grew uneasy. "Look here, Ivanoff! This looks to me more like a strike than bandits! Ask these men if we are scabs." We were. A moment later we reached the station master. "You need not consider our proposal longer," said Ivanoff. "The young American hero has resigned."

We found the strike leaders, and showed our Tiflis letters, and then, returning to our compartment, we pulled down the shades on the station side, took the leaders in through the windows, and talked until midnight.

"This is only a test," said one tall, light-bearded man, who seemed more thoughtful than the others. "The Committee has ordered it to see how strong we are. Some day we will have it all over Russia. Your zemstvo men and university students can talk, and the peasants can burn estates and howl and get slaughtered. But *we* can cut Russia in pieces! We can do anything if we have the legal right to strike. But we haven't. A strike is high treason. That is why we are revolutionists! We want a free republic like yours!"

We walked down the track in the moonlight. The soldiers were singing, fifty of them in a circle, in their long gray coats and caps with white bands; high above the deep voices soared a plaintive tenor. Behind rose an ugly water-tank, machine shop, roundhouse, telegraph poles, and a long gray tenement; before it was a crowd of two hundred black forms—men and women; no music there, only a low discordant hum, broken now and then by a passionate rise in the speaker's voice, or by sudden bursts of applause. In one dark room of the tenement a woman was moaning over the dead engineer; as we passed by we could hear the wild sobs of her four little children.

For two nights we heard sentinels pace by our window; sharp challenges rang out, in the distance rose sounds of sudden fights and angry talking, and even by day the soldiers encircled the train and the station. We grew more and more impatient; we told the strike leaders of our meeting in Tiflis, and at last they secured us a wagon to drive the eighty miles over the old mountain highroads. But on the third morning a train crept out of the mouth of the gorge. The engine was run by soldiers; five soldiers with leveled guns stood out on the cowcatcher; and so the train moved in through the silent, scowling crowds of men and women.

It started back at noon for Tiflis. Just before, I jumped past the sentries and took a snap-shot of the soldiers on the engine. The next moment my kodak was wrenched away, I was seized by two police, and taken, with Ivanoff, to the little guard-room. There we were turned over to a burly, surly old policeman, who took us back to our compartment, and sat with us all the way to Tiflis. The train crept up the gorge at five miles an hour, stopping while men ran ahead to examine the bridges. But nothing happened. Only at one station a soldier was carried in, his head still bleeding from deep knife gashes. And once we heard a sharp report from the locomotive, and a peasant in the fields fell back over a stone wall.

At Tiflis we were taken to the Chief of Police of all the Caucasus. Only a big bare room, and the Chief at his desk was only a plain modern man in uniform. But the room for fifty years had been an anteroom to Siberia, the prison feeling was in the air, and this was helped by the two big policemen who stood close behind us. Behind them was our baggage, and in my suit-case were all my revolutionist notes and stories. Would

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the Chief search the luggage of an American citizen? If so, could he read English? As I weighed the chances I glanced at Ivanoff. Me they could only send out of Russia, but to Ivanoff they could do what they pleased. But he chuckled and smiled and joked all through that painful hour. This we had arranged in the train. I was to be the indignant rich young gentleman tourist, and Ivanoff, my courier, was to laugh with the Chief at my absurd anger over so small an annoyance. So I protested loud and long in English against the indignity of our arrest; Ivanoff translated and smiled. I protested still more vehemently against having my luggage searched; Ivanoff translated and smiled. He even smiled when the Chief decided to waive my protest, and he joked while the Chief slowly went through my papers. The minutes wore on. I could feel those miserable policemen watching both our faces. I grew angry and Ivanoff chuckled. Then I grew pleasantly warm all over—from the feet up. We were released. The Chief could not read English!

We had to go slow in meeting our revolutionist friends, for now we were constantly watched. But after a few hours of dodging about we met the leaders at night and talked until nearly daylight. The plan I cannot give here. It was only one of a hundred unceasing attempts; new ones began the moment old ones failed. We were simply bearers of information to certain outside friends in one of these plans; and, like so many others, this plan failed. But at the time we did not think it would, and it was with the warmest feelings of admiration and hope that we grasped the hands of those men in parting—journalists, landowners, workmen, princes, doctors, lawyers, peasants. With them, life, fortune, health—all was nothing until the Caucasus was free!

The trains could not be trusted, so we hired a lumbering old mountain carriage and started at sunrise. It was Sunday morning, hot and sultry, but by eleven o'clock that night it was freezing cold as we galloped on high above the clouds, between snowbanks ten feet high. We had thirty-two horses in eight relays, and we covered the hundred and fifty-five miles in thirty-four hours. Never have I had a grander, more inspiring ride. It was straight north out of the Caucasus to Vladicavcas, where we were to take the train for London. It was over the famous pass which for ages has been the great land gateway from Asia into Europe. Through it poured those hordes that swept Europe into the Dark Ages. And as we galloped on under gray towering cliffs, through roaring gorges, and out across black and green valleys, it was easy indeed to picture those masses of men, women, and children struggling through; the horses, rude carts, and twinkling camp fires; the fierce fights with the savage owners of the pass, the shouts and screams, the wild hairy faces! Easy to picture, for the Past has left many traces. Rude forts and ruined castles rose in every narrow place, our old driver told us legend after legend still handed down from father to son among the wild mountaineers, and Ivanoff, who had traveled eight months through these very mountains, told me what he had learned of the people—Mohammedans, Christians, and a dozen other religions—Tartars, Armenians, Turks, and a score of Caucasian tribes—all mixed and clashing in this caldron of the world.

At midnight we stopped for five hours' sleep in a queer old inn way up above the clouds. Here, at supper, we met Cossacks and Russian officers. And here a silent little man climbed down from his seat by our driver, where he had been listening to our talk all the way from Tiflis. We saw him whisper to the inn proprietor, and at dawn another listener took his place. All this kept the Present in our minds. And when, at nightfall, we emerged from one last, deep, glorious gorge, and galloped straight out into the silent, desolate steppe of Russia, we looked back at the mountains—huge and dim and silent, towering over the Present as they had towered for ages over the Past, as they would still tower for ages over the Future. What a Past! What a Present! The Middle Ages dashed into a modern revolution! And what will be the Future?

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Football and Its Critics

By J. William White, M.D.

[Dr. White holds the Barton Professorship of Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania, founded its Department of Physical Education, and was chairman of the committee in charge of the admirably managed West Point-Annapolis football game during the five years that it was played under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania. He has always been deeply interested in the physical welfare of the students, and has written numerous papers on this subject, including "A Physician's View of Exercise and Athletics" and "The Fundamental Reasons for Belief in the Value of Exercise." It will be seen, therefore, that Dr. White speaks with authority upon the subject of athletic exercise in a scheme of education. His defense of the modern game of football is from one of the best advocates that the case can command. For that reason The Outlook is glad to publish it. Its own opinion of football reform will be found elsewhere in this issue.—THE EDITORS.]

MR. Murray, Solicitor-General of Scotland, remarked one day at the Mitre Tavern to Dr. Johnson that "truth will always bear an examination," to which Dr. Johnson replied: "Yes, sir, but it is painful to be forced to defend it. Consider, sir, how should you like, though conscious of your innocence, to be tried before a jury for a capital crime once a week."

Football, the most popular and the most interesting intercollegiate competitive sport, has been brought into court again and again. Some of the charges presented have already been fully answered. Some of them are unjust and incorrect. Some of them are open to radical differences of opinion based upon opposing points of view.

President Eliot, of Harvard, in his last annual report, expressed strong objections to football as now played; and his objections—at least in part—were at the time editorially sustained by "The Nation" and by many other influential periodicals; while later Professor Paul van Dyke, of Princeton, set forth in The Outlook (in the main very sanely and conservatively) his opinions as to various evils associated with the game. I should like to call attention to certain facts which seem to me to refute the existence of, or at least to palliate, some of the evils complained of. I shall try to make no statement that has not a sound basis of observation or experience to support it.

1. The "extreme publicity" of the game has, indeed, its disadvantages for college students. I would not undertake to defend the abstract proposition that it is good for an undergraduate to be as much in the public eye as is a player on the team of one of the big universities. But the following line of thought largely reconciles me to this element of the situation: Exercise, especially during youth, is one of the fundamental requirements of health; its benefits—intellectual and educational as well as physical—are much increased by associated enjoyment, and by concurrent mental activity; and competition adds greatly to both these in all forms of athletic sports; baseball and football are at present the only self-supporting competitive intercollegiate athletics; and many of the others would be, under existing circumstances, rendered impossible were it not for the financial aid derived from the football receipts. Moreover, while this extreme publicity thus indirectly makes possible the extension of the benefits of exercise to hundreds who do not play football at all, it serves another purpose in holding before the American public an ideal which, if not the highest conceivable, is yet absolutely dissociated from, and is a far more wholesome one than, that of the plutocrat, or of that even less admirable type, the self-styled aristocrat—figures that are, unfortunately, not without undue prominence in American life. Dr. Holmes long ago complained, apropos of our "chryso-aristocracy," that our young men "must gild their spurs, but need not win them," and added that he believed in "no aristocracy without pluck as its backbone."

As compared with these exemplars, and with the results of their admixture,

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a type that embodies self-denial, severe toil, indifference to fatigue, obedience to orders, absolute physical courage, quick and accurate thinking coincident with extreme physical effort, is not unworthy of attention and of a degree of respect, and it is not strange that it excites interest and evokes enthusiasm. Were it less rare, football would doubtless be less popular. "Should we so dote on courage were it commoner?"

2. The "disproportionate exaltation of the football hero in the college world," the "air of hysterical exaggeration" which surrounds the game, the "crude and vociferous criticism, blame, and praise" of the players, might all be modified with advantage; but some of these things are the invariable penalties of publicity, and all of them are due to the fact that the game in a broad sense meets the requirements of the situation. At a time when the average undergraduate is—as far as privation is concerned—so over-protected that, if he were a commodity, he might be the most objectionable article on the tariff list; and when so many college students are in danger, by reason of the wealth and lack of discretion of their parents, of drifting into lives of enervating luxury, it is not to be wondered at that the more striking manly virtues, conspicuously exhibited, should appeal to both the student body and the American public. To quote again our wisest New England philosopher, nearly fifty years ago Dr. Holmes wrote: "I am satisfied that such a set of black-coated, stiff-jointed, soft-muscled, paste-complexioned youth as we can boast in our Atlantic cities never before sprang from loins of Anglo-Saxon lineage. . . . Anything is better than this white-blooded degeneration to which we all tend."

Professor van Dyke drew a parallel with the manufactured displays of "enthusiasm" at great political conventions, which seems to me unfair to football assemblages and confuses spontaneity and artificiality. Individual instances of hysteria doubtless occur among both players and spectators, and the college section at a game may sometimes act upon what Dr. Eliot calls the "enfeebling theory that no team can do its best except in the presence of hosts of applauding friends;" but, in the main, the enthusiasm at a football game is spontaneous and contagious. It is—and should be—inspiring, when it is remembered that the "immoderate desire to win" (which Dr. Eliot finds culpable), the fierceness of the attack, the obstinacy of the defense, the earnestness of the struggle, are all inspired by loyalty to an ideal, by a feeling that is akin to patriotism. There may be too much of this, but I believe it to be better than too little. And, after all, who is to decide when the degree of interest shown is "extravagant" or "hysterical"? "Excess in any virtue is a vice, and disproportion is deformity;" but the standard of excess varies, and as no one claims that there is an essentially unworthy motive for the enthusiasm, it is difficult to decide what is moderation. There must, I assume, be *some* degree of "desire to win" that Dr. Eliot would regard as commendable; as the fundamental idea of the game—of all competitive intercollegiate athletic games—is that one side shall demonstrate its superiority to the other in strength or speed or skill or endurance or some equally manly and admirable quality. If, while endeavoring to do this, the players display the "sentiment of devotion to an institution," the "spirit of self-sacrificing co-operation," and the "courage and fortitude" that President Eliot himself associates with this particular game, may we not leniently consider an extreme desire to win as one of the inevitable minor defects said to accompany all pronounced virtues?

3. The objections based on the lack of proper proportion between the interest shown in intercollegiate football and its players, and that excited by intercollegiate debates or by class-room honors (a favorite comparison of the opponents of the game), do not bear analysis.

Physical development and endeavor belong to youth, and naturally precede the corresponding mental qualities in the evolution of the individual, as they did in the evolution of the race. Man walked straight before he thought straight. The boys—from eighteen to twenty-five on an average—that we see playing football the country over are, taking them altogether, the best physical specimens of what

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some of us believe to be the best race, and are at the best age for the effort they are making. Their fellow-students and the spectators have the proper interest that comes from a knowledge of these facts, plus the equally proper stimulus and excitement of a keen and often a very evenly balanced struggle. There is naturally as much relative difference between the quality of a college student's performances on the football field and in the "resounding forum" as there would be in those of Secretary Root if he undertook both to consider momentous international questions and to captain a football team.

It is right that we should admire the deeds of vigorous youth and the words and thoughts of wise maturity; that we should like to see or hear or read the best that is visible, audible, or legible, whether in sport or in art, in science or letters or politics; and there is no law of morals or manners that can guide the feelings elicited by splendid physical achievements into the channels reserved for the usually quieter sentiments of approbation that are the meed of the scholar.

True oratory, to be sure, can excite and inflame as well as the most thrilling athletic contest, but how often is that excitement hysterical and extravagant! The fact is that exaggeration and disproportionate exaltation, when shown by large bodies of people, are not peculiar to football or to athletics, nor are they typical of race—especially not of our race, as Professor van Dyke believes. They commonly result from sudden and forcible appeals—visual or auditory—to the emotions of crowds. Football throngs cannot be expected to be less susceptible or more stolid than others; nor can the interest excited by a first-rate exhibition of physical skill and strength and pluck be subordinated in degree to that evoked by what is, at the best, a relatively much inferior mental achievement.

4. The "distraction from proper collegiate pursuits of multitudes of undergraduates during the football season" is an evil in the abstract; but to me its gravity seems lessened when certain limitations, existing in all the universities, and embracing at least the "multitudes," are recalled. The "big" games take about two hours on Saturday afternoons for not more than four weeks. The whole football "season" does not exceed seven weeks. The "practice" is daily, but usually only from half-past three or four o'clock to six. Some of it is "secret;" that is, even the undergraduates are not admitted. At the lesser games, and at practice (except on the eve of very important contests), only a small fraction of the student body is present. The "distraction" referred to is obviously the absorbing interest taken by many of the students in the fortunes of the team rather than their actual presence at the field. This interest may, and doubtless does in many cases, interfere with mental concentration and studious habits; but *something* has thus interfered to a greater or less degree ever since there have been schools and colleges. Some emotional outlet for boys and young men seems usual—almost inevitable—under all circumstances, and this appears to be especially desirable when they are gathered together in large numbers. I am convinced that, whatever the explanation may be, the average college student to-day, in this part of the world, is inclined to lead a cleaner, more wholesome, more manly life than formerly, and that both quiet individual dissipation and boisterous collective "sprees" are much rarer than they used to be. This improvement—repeatedly testified to by head masters of schools and by college and university professors—has occurred during the development of the "intense" and "distracting" interest in intercollegiate athletics, including football. The two phenomena may have no other relation than one of coincidence; and the moral improvement, if it be admitted to exist, may be attributed to other causes. But I have for twenty-five years been in close touch with large bodies of college students, and feel justified in my belief that there has been such an improvement, and that it is due partly to their participation in athletics and partly to the diversion (produced by interest in athletics) of normally exuberant spirits and energy. And by so much I am inclined to excuse the doubtless excessive interest shown dur-

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ing four or five weeks in this particular game. It must also be said that the other sports, especially rowing and baseball, in their respective seasons, are inferior only to football in the crowds which they attract, the interest they excite, and the "distraction" they produce. The indictment as to all of these alleged evils should, in fact, rest against competitive intercollegiate sport generally, if there is ground for indictment at all; but in deciding this we should not, like Thales the Milesian, so fix our attention on things in the sky that we fail to see what is at our feet.

5. President Eliot's condemnation of "foul play" and of "unnecessary roughness" should be useful, although, of course, it is not new; but every one interested in the game has said precisely the same things before. As no other game brings about such close and violent personal contact, no other game is so likely to be complicated and discredited by collisions between individuals whose ethical ideas are undeveloped, or who have not learned the great football lessons that ought to be printed and displayed in every team-room, viz., that the better students they are the better football they will play; that, on the whole, a clean team and a clean game are good football policy as well as good morals and good manners; that time spent in quarreling and disputing is time wasted; and that every moment employed in slugging or calling names, or in unfair play of any sort, lessens the effectiveness of the individual player and weakens the work of the whole team.

If these statements are true, as I believe, and if these views are—as I also believe—often inculcated by coaches and trainers (even if only for the sake of policy and not of principle), the evils relating to unnecessary roughness will correct themselves in due time. Meanwhile, it might be well to remember the remark of Mr. Ropes, the historian, made at a dinner given by Colonel Higginson to the Yale and Harvard teams, that "if violent encounters on the football field do lead to the temptation of inflicting needless personal injuries on an opponent, they also give opportunities for resisting this temptation, and consequently for the development of the highest form of courage and self-control."

What said Antoninus nearly two thousand years ago? "In the gymnastic exercises suppose that a man has torn thee with his nails, and by dashing against thy head has inflicted a wound. Neither show any signs of vexation, nor be offended, nor suspect him afterwards as a treacherous fellow; but be on guard against him, not however as an enemy, nor yet with suspicion, but quietly get out of his way," *i.e.*, use the opportunity (while he is wasting his time in ungentlemanly behavior) to make an end run.

Every one who has really followed football closely, and has known the players personally and well, knows how admirable is their average self-restraint, and how relatively uncommon are purposely inflicted injuries. It is unfair to the game to ignore this side of the question and concentrate attention and base opposition upon the more conspicuous but rarer examples of unnecessary roughness. I think, however, that the penalties for such roughness should be increased and that the powers which the rules already give the officials should be more frequently exercised, so that the player or the team so deficient morally or intellectually as to try to win by rough, brutal, or unfair tactics may be excluded from participation in a game for success in which skill, strength, endurance, and mental alertness should be the controlling factors.

6. As to many of the other objections advanced, it may be said that they are either unproven or already disproven. Where did Dr. Eliot get his warrant for saying that "the mental qualities of the big, brawny athlete are almost certain to be inferior to those of slighter, quicker-witted men"? If "mental qualities" and "quick-wittedness" are synonyms, the statement is equivalent to saying that the athlete is mentally inferior to his mental superior—a logical result that might have been reached without aid from Dr. Eliot.

In any event, the arbitrary assignment of mental superiority of any sort on the basis of lesser size or strength is contradicted by most of the facts—historical

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and scientific—that have any bearing upon this subject; and President Eliot's further assertion that neither the merits of body nor those of mind belonging to such men are "of the most promising sort for future service out in the world" is, so far as my knowledge goes, without foundation. I admit, with old Thomas Fuller, that "often the cockloft is empty in those which Nature has built many stories high," but I insist that it is as often—or oftener—unfurnished in one and two-storied fellows.

What does Dr. Eliot mean when he says that "the precautions taken against trickery, like the armor and padding against hurts, show what the game has come to be"? Of course every one knows that "armor" is prohibited, and that it is the rarest thing for a player to be found wearing anything that could by the wildest flight of the imagination be so called. Only one instance occurred to the knowledge of the public during the season of 1904, and in that case the players were instructed to take off metal thigh-guards worn for their own protection, but believed by the officials to be a possible source of injury to the opponents. As for "padding against hurts," if that be a mark of deterioration of a game, let the cricketer discard his leg-pads, and the baseball player his padded gloves, before their insidious influence has "brutalized" those sports also!

Dr. Eliot admits that the risk of death during four years of football is not so great as from riding horseback, driving an automobile, or boating or yachting, if those sports are followed for years. He might have said truthfully that if the comparison is between *intercollegiate* football—he names the college time-limit of play—and horse or automobile or boat *racing* (*i.e.*, if the competitive element be present), the difference is so enormously in favor of football that its position as what Professor van Dyke calls a "bone-breaking, life-imperiling game" dwindles into insignificance. I always have before me the fear of a fatal injury on a college football field. It is obviously possible. It would greatly distress me wherever it occurred. It would doubtless have a depressing and dispiriting effect on all lovers of the game. But should this possibility be regarded as a deterrent influence of sufficient gravity to justify the prohibition of football as a college sport? I think not, and, if it is not to be prohibited, the problem must be met by rules minimizing danger—a matter which should annually receive careful and thoughtful attention from those men who are intrusted with the duty of legislating upon it. Mr. Roosevelt's remarks upon this point—of roughness and danger—at a recent Harvard alumni dinner undoubtedly express, however, the views of most of the upholders of the game. He said:

"I believe heartily in sport. I believe in outdoor games, and I do not mind in the least that they are rough games, or that those who take part in them are occasionally injured. I have no sympathy whatever with the overwrought sentimentality which would keep a young man in cotton-wool, and I have a hearty contempt for him if he counts a broken arm or collar-bone as of serious consequence when balanced against the chance of showing that he possesses hardihood, physical address, and courage."

Dr. Eliot's objection to the method of play that involves "frequent collision in masses" is that it makes foul play invisible. Professor van Dyke's objection is that it makes the game "less interesting and too dangerous." I am of the opinion, held by many close observers of the game, that the most serious accidents have occurred, and are likely to occur, in the more open game, and that the relative degree of interest excited by the two styles of play will depend largely on the characteristics of the individual spectator. I believe, as I have already said, that, as "foul play" is "poor football," it will, either with or without the aid of the officials, disappear from the game, and that it would do so even if it usually helped, as it does not, to win games, because, with Professor van Dyke, I have confidence in the honorable instincts of the average American student.

Because of this confidence I also believe that the evil of over-inducement of boys who have been conspicuous in

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athletics while they are at preparatory schools, and who are now so often too earnestly solicited to go to one or another of the colleges or universities, will gradually vanish. I use the term "over-inducement" because it would be generally recognized that in certain cases and up to a certain point inducement is not improper. If an alumnus, for example, were to offer to a hesitating youth with a melodious voice, who could sing in the college choir after admission, some social or personal or educational advantages, it would not excite unfavorable criticism, but would be regarded as evidence of loyalty to his Alma Mater. There can be no doubt that, as to athletes, in the experience of every college in the country, there have been instances in which the limit of propriety has been passed—never, I believe, by the college authorities, or even by the athletic authorities, but by enthusiastic alumni or by local non-collegiate enthusiasts. Professor van Dyke says truly that "no one whose opinion is worth listening to would deny that every big team in America has at some time in the past played a man who would not have appeared on the rolls of the university but for football." I am not undertaking to defend this, but merely want to call attention to the fact that, like the "desire to win" and the "intense interest," it is, even when extreme and improper, a development of a sentiment which, otherwise applied or better controlled, is in itself virtuous. I fully admit, however, that this is an explanation rather than an excuse, and that the evil is a real one. I think I can see that it is likely to lessen.

The cases of inducement to forsake one college for another are not nearly so numerous and are still more likely to disappear under the influence of both public and collegiate sentiment.

President Eliot's statement as to the frequency of "serious injuries" leading to "permanent weakness," which "prove a handicap to the victim in later life," would be important and almost unanswerable if it were well founded. The fact is that the subject has been again and again investigated, with the invariable result that the collected evidence has shown the statement to be incorrect. Within the last decade a committee that included the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, of the Yale Corporation, the Hon. Henry E. Howland, of New York, the Rev. Endicott Peabody, of Groton School, and the Hon. Robert Bacon, of the Harvard Board of Overseers—the present Assistant Secretary of State—reported that they had communicated with and had heard from over a thousand men who had played football for Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania during the previous eighteen years (those following the introduction of the present, or modified Rugby, game), and that "the almost unanimous opinion was that it had been of marked benefit to them, both in the way of general physical development and of mental discipline; also that they regard the injuries sustained as generally unimportant and far outweighed by the benefits." I subsequently, in conjunction with a medical colleague, made a similar collective investigation with similar results; but I would rest this side of the case on the evidence of the gentlemen above named, it having, so far as I know, remained uncontradicted.

A curious example of the differing conclusions resulting from different points of view may be cited in connection with Professor van Dyke's article. He ascribes to the teams, not pleasure, but "desire of glory and the sense of duty" as animating motives, and adds: "Among the faithful scrubs who have lost the hope of glory, every day men put on their pads and nose-guards with a strong dislike of the game they think they must play for the sake of the university. Such a situation strikes an English university athlete with astonishment."

I hope the day may never come when it would astonish an American athlete or any other American. While I believe strongly in the beneficial mental effect of *pleasurable* exercise and sport, I subscribe also, with reservations, to the old pedagogic view of moral benefits resulting from education which compels the scholar to learn, or to do the thing he dislikes; and I believe unreservedly in the moral advantages brought about by the voluntary and unselfish performance of

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any disagreeable duty, real or imaginary. All credit to the "scrubs," whom I have always admired, and who are, fortunately, while coming to be more and more appreciated by their fellows and the public, in no danger of suffering from "disproportionate exaltation"!

It is not quite fair to football to say, as President Eliot does, that it too frequently creates a "state of mental distrust and hostility between colleges," without noting that this undesirable condition has arisen in connection with many other sports, that it is lessening in frequency and virulence, and that it is in the main an indirect and unforeseen result of the enormous development since 1876 of both collegiate life and intercollegiate sport in this country, without the rules or traditions of government handed down through generations, as in England. Football should bear its share of whatever opprobrium attaches to this condition, but not more than its share.

It would also be fair to add that this most objectionable state of distrust and hostility is partly due to the complexity of the rules that have come into existence by a process of evolution in the effort to correct various defects successively developed in the conduct of our American intercollegiate sports. Many cases have arisen under these rules in which it has been quite possible for two equally intelligent and equally fair-minded bodies of men to take diametrically opposite views. Of course the situation is a familiar one in business, in politics, in law, in religion, in morals, even in science, but its occurrence is in fairly direct proportion to the intricacy of the code or creed, the system or method, intended to prevent it.

It would be Utopian to suggest that the Golden Rule would cover this, as it would most other cases of "mental distrust and hostility," but certainly simplification is desirable.

Professor Hollis, of Harvard, one of the fairest and most clear-headed of athletic advisers, was of the opinion a year or two ago that "the backbone of college regulation of athletics" rested in three rules:

1. A definition of professionalism which should exclude from participation in college sports all men who have received a money benefit or its equivalent by reason of their previous connection with athletics.

2. A rule which should require all members of athletic teams to be genuine students of the college which they represent and to be satisfactory in their studies.

3. A rule to prevent the procurement of good players from other colleges by social or money inducements.

I think that on this basis—perhaps with the addition of a rule to prevent the undue prolongation of the athletic life of the individual student and his too great absorption in athletic interests (the present "four-year" rule is meant to meet this indication), and with an addition to Professor Hollis's second requirement to the effect that no student should be allowed to represent any college or university until he has been in residence there as a bona-fide student for one full academic year and has passed satisfactory examinations for that period—it would be possible to make the entire "eligibility code" applicable to all American colleges and universities in a concise and unambiguous form.

In the opinion of many persons who have given much thought to the subject, this extension of the "one year's residence" rule to all students, and insistence upon good academic standing throughout the whole collegiate life of the athlete, would obviate the necessity for the attempt—hitherto unsuccessful—so to define "professionalism" as to exclude the man who is first an athlete and only incidentally a college or university student, without at the same time—to quote Professor Hall, of Harvard—"introducing new evils as bad if not worse, as denial, deceit, suspicion, and the prying scrutiny into the private affairs of athletic opponents."

But, as I have said, the question involves not merely football but practically all other intercollegiate sports also, and can only be touched upon here.

Dr. Eliot's concluding comparison between the ethics of civilization and the "barbarous ethics of warfare," which he attributes to football, because some one

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has said that "football is a fight, and its strategy and ethics are those of war," need not be seriously considered. It is easy to set up and overcome any number of men in buckram, and, if this line of thought were followed up, one might next find one's self in the thick of an anti-imperialist argument. Let the believer in war defend it. Our withers are unwrung.

Dr. Eliot thinks that "the game of football has become seriously injurious to rational American life in schools and colleges." Professor van Dyke says: "The question is whether the pleasure we find in a game which has become so dangerous is one which people of refinement ought to permit themselves." "The Nation" will be "disappointed indeed if the calm but incisive description of the evils of football by the head of Harvard does not produce a great effect, not only upon the public but upon college faculties as well."

One might think that football was doomed, but let those of us who believe in its continued existence take heart when we recall the many similar onslaughts that it has survived.

When Mark Twain's demise was announced by the press of America, and mourned by the public, he telegraphed from Florence: "Accounts of my death very much exaggerated."

What Japan Has Done in Korea[1]

By George Kennan

Special Correspondent for The Outlook in the Far East

I TURN now with pleasure and relief to the difficulties and embarrassments which have often thwarted the good intentions of the Japanese in Korea, and to the progress which they have really made there in spite of all obstacles and obstructions. The reforms which they aimed to bring about were, in substance, as follows: (1) Separation of the Imperial household from the executive, with a view to the lessening of intrigue and the protection of the Ministers from the influence of eunuchs, sorcerers, spirit mediums, and other hangers-on of the Imperial court; (2) a reduction and reorganization of the expensive and absolutely useless Korean army;[2] (3) a change in the financial system which would give real value and stability to the currency; (4) abolition of useless offices and a reduction in the number of the civil service employees; (5) a general increase in the salaries of officials with a view to removing the excuse for administrative extortion; (6) education of the people; (7) adoption of sanitary measures; and (8) improvement of means of communication and development of the material resources of the country.

When the Government of Japan decided—unwisely, as I think—to maintain the transparent fiction of Korean independence, it had, necessarily, to exercise control by means of advice. It appointed competent men as advisers to the Imperial Household, the Foreign Office, the Ministry of Finance, the Bureau of Education, and the other great departments of State, and proceeded, through this inadequate machinery, to reorganize and reform the Korean Government. It found itself opposed at the outset by the most obstinate, corrupt, and incapable bureaucracy in the world, backed by the influence and power of an absolutely impossible Emperor. The Korean officials did not want reforms, and they met the Japanese advisers with intrigue, obstruction, and passive resistance in every possible shape. I have not space for a full description of the methods to which the Korean Government resorted in its attempt to prevent the Japanese from exercising control; but I will give at least a few characteristic illustrations:

1. The adviser of the Korean Foreign Office—who, by the way, is an extremely

[1] With this article is ended Mr. Kennan's series of four papers on Korea. They will be followed by articles on China, where Mr. Kennan is to spend several months as the representative of The Outlook.—THE EDITORS.

[2] The appropriation for the Korean army and the special palace guard in 1904 was more than one-third of the total revenue of the country. The Emperor and the army together consumed nearly one-half of the entire revenue, viz., $6,790,133.

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clear-headed and competent American—goes again and again to the Korean Minister of Foreign Affairs, and urges upon the latter certain measures of reform which he regards as absolutely essential. When, after repeated interviews and almost endless discussion, the adviser brings the Minister, apparently, to the point of action, the Minister suddenly resigns, a new man is appointed in his place, and the work of persuasion has all to be done over again.

2. Mr. Megata, the financial adviser, urges upon the Government the necessity of readjusting and raising salaries, so as to give Korean officials enough to live on without stealing from the people. After a great deal of talk with the different Ministers separately, he gets them to agree to meet him, all together, on a certain day, for a final discussion and settlement of the matter. At the appointed time he puts on his frock coat and silk hat, goes to the council chamber, waits more than an hour, and not a Minister appears. That is one of the Korean methods of obstruction. The adviser then appeals to the Japanese Legation, and Mr. Hayashi has an interview with the Emperor. The latter agrees blandly with all that the Minister says, and declares that he will at once give the necessary orders to the Cabinet. He issues the instructions publicly, but at the same time notifies the Ministers privately that if they obey these public orders they will lose their heads. The Ministry thereupon resigns, *en bloc;* a new Cabinet is appointed; and the baffled adviser has to roll the stone up again from the bottom of the hill.

3. Mr. Megata, in another case, has an understanding with the Cabinet that no concession of mining, fishing, or other rights shall be made to a foreigner until he—the adviser—has been consulted. Three or four weeks later he suddenly discovers, by accident, that the Minister of Home Affairs has sold to a Japanese syndicate fifteen or twenty concessions, which, in the aggregate, cover pretty nearly everything of value in the whole peninsula. He makes a vigorous protest, the concessions are revoked, and the Minister of Home Affairs resigns.

What are you going to do with a Government which avoids action and evades responsibility by allowing its Ministers to resign at the rate of one or two a week? The Korean Emperor has a set of twenty or thirty men who may be compared with the court cards in a whist pack. Whenever he is hard pressed by the Japanese, he stops the game, shuffles the cards, and deals the kings and knaves around to the various Ministries so as to make a new combination. In the course of the last eighteen months Yi-Chi-Yong has been Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister of Agriculture, Minister of Justice, and Minister of the Interior. Pak-Che-Sun has been Minister of Agriculture once, Minister of Foreign Affairs once, and Minister of Justice twice. Yi-Yong-Ik, an uneducated coolie who does not even keep his body clean, has recently been Director of the Mint, Governor of North Kyungsang, Commissioner to buy Annam rice, Minister of Finance, and Minister of War. Every time the cards are shuffled and dealt the same old knaves turn up, but in new places. Just as you have laid your plans to capture the jack of spades in the Foreign Office, the Emperor grabs and shuffles the cards, deals them afresh, and the jack of spades appears in the Ministry of Agriculture, or smiles at you blandly from the Ministry of Home Affairs. I have taken the trouble to make a list of recent changes in the Korean Cabinet, and I find that thirty-one Ministers resigned or were shifted from one department to another last year, and that there have been forty-six resignations, dismissals, or transfers, so far, this year. Persons who are in a position to know assure me that my list does not comprise half of the changes that have really been made; but seventy-seven shuffles and deals in eighteen months will answer my purpose.

In almost every field of governmental activity Japanese attempts at improvement have met with obstruction or passive resistance. They made repeated efforts to stop the demoralizing practice of sorcery in Seoul, and more than once expelled sorcerers from the city, and caused their drums and other paraphernalia to be burned in the streets; but the Emperor still protects them in the

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palace, and takes their advice with regard to matters of state. In August, 1904, the Japanese authorities asked the Home Minister to give them a site for a meteorological observatory at Chemulpo. Although the establishment of such an observatory would benefit the Koreans quite as much as it would the Japanese, the request was denied. The Korean Government was ready to protect sorcerers, but it wanted no meteorological observatories. About the same time the Japanese military authorities caused wooden guide-posts, bearing the names of the streets, to be put up at Seoul street corners. The Korean chief of police requested the Foreign Office to inform the Japanese that the posts must be removed. The same official protested against the stationing of Japanese guards at the city gates, declared that it was an insult, and begged the Foreign Office to interfere. Korean officials made hundreds of thousands of dollars by counterfeiting their own nickels, and then raised a howl of indignation when it was suggested that Mr. Megata, in carrying out his scheme of financial reform, might refuse to redeem, in new currency, counterfeit nickels which were so bad that they could hardly be passed on a blind man after dark. The Korean Government gave the Korean branch of the First Japanese Bank permission to issue notes for circulation in the peninsula, and then, a few months later, the acting Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Governor of Seoul prohibited the circulation of these notes, on the ground that they were unsafe. This action caused a run on the bank, which was tided over with the greatest difficulty.

In forming a just estimate of Japanese administration in Korea, all of these things must be taken into consideration, as well as the additional fact that the Korean Government must be reconstructed from the ground up. There is no foundation of ability or honesty, there are no institutions that can be taken over as they stand, and there are few men of Korean birth who can be used in the work of regeneration and reform. Japan must not only tear down and rebuild, but must bring her bricks with her, or make them on the ground with very little clay and no straw. If, in the face of duplicity, hostility, and obstruction, she makes mistakes, or fails to accomplish all that might be accomplished, she certainly has some excuse.

I have pointed out what seem to me to be the most serious of Japan's errors, and I have also called attention to some of her difficulties and embarrassments, and it remains only to review her work and make a few tentative suggestions with regard to her future policy. In the first place, by a great sacrifice of men and money, she has relieved Korea from all fear of Russian domination, and that alone, from my point of view, is not only a great work, but a work which should entitle her to the gratitude of the whole Korean people. Japanese rule, at first, may be blundering, exacting, and irritating, but it will make ultimately for education, progress, and freedom; while Russian domination at best would never raise the country above the low economic and educational level of eastern Siberia and the Caucasus. In the second place, Japan has built a railroad through the country from one end to the other, and has thus increased the value of an immense area of productive land and given to the Korean farmers freer and cheaper access to the world's markets. A railroad may not be a reform, but it is often a reforming and enlightening agency, and it always promotes development and increases prosperity. In the third place, Japan has lent the Korean Government three million yen, and has laid the foundations of a financial reform which will ultimately give stability to the currency and security to all commercial transactions. Finally, Japan has made an encouraging attempt, at least, to prepare text-books and get teachers for schools; to improve the sanitation of the principal towns; to increase shipping facilities at seaports; to limit unnecessary and wasteful expenditures; to reorganize the army; and to discourage demoralizing and degrading superstitions. In some of these fields she has not yet gone far; but new undertakings require money, and until the taxes can be honestly collected and the treasury can be protected from official robbers Korea will have little money to spare. I have no doubt myself that

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the revenue of the State can be doubled, if not trebled, without laying any additional burden of taxation upon the people; but it cannot be done in a few months or even in a year. When Korea has thirty million dollars per annum to spend on improvements, instead of fourteen million dollars, and when that money is used judiciously, I venture to predict that there will be good common schools, reformed courts, public sanitation, better roads, more lighthouses, more newspapers, more order and security, and a general increase in prosperity. The Japanese ultimately succeeded in Formosa, and I can see no reason why they should fail in Korea. They made mistakes at first in both countries; but we ourselves have made a few errors and misjudgments, perhaps, in the Philippines; and nobody can say, I think, that we have shown either justice or conspicuous ability in our dealings with the Indians. In the fields to which Japan has given particular attention—in the art of making war, for example—she has excelled, and she will learn how to govern in Korea just as we are learning how to govern in the Philippines—by example and practice. Just before I left Seoul I had a long talk with the Chinese Minister, Mr. Tseng, and in the course of the conversation he said to me that, in his judgment, Japan would "ultimately make Korea the garden of the East." He had lived long in England and America; he impressed me as a man of unusual ability and fairness; he knew everything about Korea that I did and probably a good deal more; and his prediction of ultimate Japanese success struck me as significant and noteworthy, for the reason that it was the judgment of an educated and experienced Oriental with regard to the working out of an Oriental problem.

I must add a few words with regard to Japan's future Korean policy. I am doubtless ignorant of many things that I ought to know, and at best I am not a competent critic of Imperial affairs; but every honest and dispassionate opinion has some value, and I do not hesitate, therefore, to say that, in my best judgment, Japan, first of all, should abandon the pretense of treating Korea as if she were really a sovereign and independent State. It is only a diplomatic fiction, and it no longer serves a useful purpose. The new Anglo-Japanese treaty recognizes the right of Japan to exercise "control" in Korea, and she should resolutely *take* control, and cease to "advise" Ministers who want no advice, and who persistently ignore every recommendation that is not backed by force. At the same time she should cease to throw upon a fictitious wicked partner the responsibility for errors of omission and commission which she herself has power to prevent or correct. When the Korean people fail to get payment for land seized by the Japanese authorities, it may be convenient to say that, as a matter of treaty obligation, payment should be made by the Korean Government; but it is the duty of the dominant Power to supervise such payment, and, if necessary, coerce the Korean Government into making it. It is unfair, as well as impolitic, to play fast and loose with Korean independence—pretending at one time that the Government is free and independent, and acting at another time as if it were an obstinate and recalcitrant Japanese bureau. The independence of Korea is either real or fictitious. It it be real, Japan should refrain altogether from the exercise of direct power in the peninsula; and if it be fictitious, she should take the responsibility for the consequences of her own actions, and not seek shelter behind a dummy whose movements she controls by means of hidden strings.

In the second place, Japan should pay more attention to the rights of the Korean people. When I visited Korea for the first time (last year), it seemed to me that the most urgent need of the country was justice; and a second visit has only deepened that impression. Japan should find and adopt at once some means of controlling her immigrants, and then she should give the Korean people protection from official robbers of their own nationality. If she allows things to drift, as they are drifting now, the anti-Japanese feeling in the peninsula will become so strong that years of good government will hardly overcome it. The people, of course,

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may be intimidated and kept in order by force; but that is the Russian method of dealing with dissatisfaction, and Japan cannot afford to adopt it. Her policy should be to drop diplomatic pretense, grasp the nettle of Korean bureaucracy with a resolute hand, and then win the respect and confidence of the people by giving them justice, protection, and as much frank explanation as may be necessary.

In a recent article in the Japanese monthly review, "Taiyo," Mr. Saburo Shimada, in discussing Korean affairs, says: "It is of vital importance to us, as a nation, that at this crisis of our history the mass of the Koreans should work with us and not against us as they have so often done during the past twenty years. We can force the Korean Government to go with us, but we cannot force the people to support the Government. If we can so conduct ourselves in Korea as to carry the nation with us, our troubles there will cease. Our difficulties in the past have resembled those of the English Government in Ireland. For a long time the Irish were regarded with suspicion and were oppressed by over-stringent regulations. During the last twenty years conciliatory methods have been tried, with excellent results. We must adopt the same methods in Korea. No assimilation can take place so long as enmity exists, and Korea never can become a source of strength to us until, by education, intermarriage, and hearty co-operation in various enterprises, the Japanese and the Koreans become like one nation. . . . The upshot of it all is that we must resort to other means of influencing the Koreans than those hitherto employed, or fail to establish on a firm basis our pre-eminence in the peninsula."

The whole of Mr. Shimada's article seems to me well worth the attention and consideration of the Japanese authorities, and with this part of it in particular I heartily agree. If Japan fails to deal fairly and generously with the Korean people—if she allows them to be robbed by their own officials and exploited by unscrupulous Japanese immigrants—I greatly fear that Korea will not become "the garden of the East" in our time.

Neighbors

By Jacob A. Riis

THE first snowflake was wafted in upon the north wind to-day. I stood in my study door and watched it fall and disappear; but I knew that many would come after and hide my garden from sight ere long. What will the winter bring us? When they wake once more, the flowers that now sleep snugly under their blanket of dead leaves, what shall we have to tell?

The postman had just brought me a letter, and with it lying open before me, my thoughts wandered back to "the hard winter" of a half-score seasons ago which none of us has forgotten, when women and children starved in cold garrets while men roamed gaunt and hollow-eyed vainly seeking work. I saw the poor tenement in Rivington Street where a cobbler and his boy were fighting starvation all alone save for an occasional visit from one of Miss Wald's nurses who kept a watchful eye on them as on so many another tottering near the edge in that perilous time, ready with the lift that brought back hope when all things seemed at an end. One day she found a stranger in the flat, a man with close-cropped hair and a hard look that told their own story. The cobbler eyed her uneasily, and, when she went, followed her out and made excuses. Yes! he was just out of prison and had come to him for shelter. He used to know him in other days, and Jim was not—

She interrupted him and shook her head. Was it good for the boy to have that kind of a man in the house?

The cobbler looked at her thoughtfully and touched her arm gently.

"This," he said, "ain't no winter to let a feller from Sing Sing be on the street."

The letter the postman brought made

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me see all this and more in the snowflake that fell and melted in my garden. It came from a friend in the far West, a gentle, high-bred lady, and told me this story: Her sister, who devotes her life to helping the neighbor, had just been on a visit to her home. One day my friend noticed her wearing an odd knitted shawl, and spoke of it.

"Yes," said she, "that is the shawl the cook gave me."

"The cook?" with lifted eyebrows, I suppose. And then she heard how.

One day, going through the kitchen of the institution where she teaches, she had seen the cook in tears and inquired the cause. The poor woman sobbed out that her daughter had come home to die. The doctors had said that she might live perhaps ten days, no longer, and early and late she cried for her mother to be with her. But she had vainly tried every way to get a cook to take her place—there was none, and her child was dying in the hospital.

"And I told her to go to her right away, I would see to that; that was all," concluded my friend's sister; "and she gave me this shawl when she came back, and I took it, of course. She had worked it for the daughter that died."

But it was not all. For during ten days of sweltering July heat that gentle, delicate woman herself superintended the kitchen, did the cooking, and took the place of the mother who was soothing her dying child's brow, and no one knew it. Not here, that is. No doubt it is known, with a hundred such daily happenings that make the real story of human life, where that record is kept and cherished.

And clear across the continent it comes to solve a riddle that had puzzled me. Recently I had long arguments with a friend about religion and dogmas that didn't help either of us. At the end of three weeks we were farther apart than when we began, and the arguments had grown into controversy that made us both unhappy. We had to have a regular treaty of peace to get over it. I know why now. The snowflake and my friend's letter told me. Those two, the cobbler and the woman, were real Christians. They had the secret. They knew the neighbor, if neither had ever heard of dogma or creed. Our arguments were worse than wasted, though we both meant well, for we were nearer neighbors when we began than when we left off.

I am not learned in such things. Perhaps I am wrong. No doubt dogmas are useful—to wrap things in—but even then I would not tuck in the ends, lest we hide the neighbor so that we cannot see him. After all, it is what is *in* the package that counts. To me it is the evidence of such as these that God lives in human hearts—that we are molded in his image despite flaws and failures in the casting—that keeps alive the belief that we shall wake with the flowers to a fairer spring. Is it not so with all of us?

The Musician and Society

By Robert H. Schauffler

THE word "musician" connotes to the average American a freakish, long-haired foreigner of doubtful morals, undesirable as a citizen, and barely to be tolerated for what he can do. This fancy is as general as that the "Italian" is the offscouring of Naples who in turn scours off our streets, our apples, and our shoes. Except at the table of the musical parasite, the musician in this country holds a far humbler social position than his brothers in interpretive art, the critic, the actor, or the elocutionist.

Originally all artists were on the same social footing; they were the Lord or King Somebody, his servants. But though their emancipation proclamation was written long ago, the musician still keeps the black eye his old master gave him. The reasons for this are manifold.

In the first place, music is a handy crutch for the pauper classes. They have twanged and scraped and blatted on

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our curbs until it has come to be almost a disgrace to carry a violin-box down Fifth Avenue, and the hotel porter looks as askance at a 'cello-bag as he would at a carpetbag. A folding harp, a telescopic double bass, a collapsing tuba—the inventor of these might claim a pedestal next Saint Cecilia.

The musician's own poverty has dragged his name down more effectually than that of his rival in the gutter. The members of the subsidized orchestras in Boston, Chicago, Pittsburg, and Philadelphia have no easy time financially, but in places like New York the player's problem is appalling. There, even by eking out his orchestral work with the most degrading occupations, it is almost impossible for him to attain the standard of living which the dignity of his art demands. His situation is further complicated by the attitude of the Union, which desires the musician to be regarded as an artisan rather than as an artist.

Another reason why the fiddler's social evolution has not kept pace with that of his fellow-artists lies in the overwhelming demands which the technic of his art make upon him. His first toy is a violin bow, his first idea a desperate conviction that a life of solid études will hardly suffice to make him a master of his craft in these days of whirlwind virtuosity. So he takes the cash of technic and lets the credit of culture go, thereby missing perhaps the one thing needful to make him a master.

The musician's egotism is proverbial. It was born in the old days of servitude, when he found that, though his lips might falter at the mouthpiece, no one else would blow his horn for him, and he would go supperless to bed.

George Sand has told us how Chopin directed in his will that he should be buried in a white tie, small shoes, and short breeches. He abandoned the woman whom he tenderly loved because she offered a chair to some one else before giving the same invitation to himself. In view of such naïve egotism De Pachmann speaks truer than he knows when he informs the audience that the spirit of Chopin has descended upon him.

Perhaps the most colossal instance of musical megalomania is shown in Richard Strauss's tone-poem, "A Hero's Life," which has a section entitled The Hero's Works of Peace. This proves to be nothing but Pieces of the Hero's Works, the hero being the author, who admitted the other day that the whole work was accurate autobiography.

Society is slow to forgive this sort of thing, but perhaps its heart will expand as the musician's head contracts, and it will come to realize that a certain amount of self-assurance is necessary to make the musical wheels go round.

The fiddler's appearance helps to hold him aloof from his fellows, but for the deplorable phenomena of musical hair society is largely responsible. There is a sound financial reason here for sharps rather than flats. According to the popular conception, the Circassians must be the most musical of all peoples; and woe to the bald virtuoso who tries to win his way to fame without a wig! It were better for that man if a millstone were hanged about his neck. Though it might interfere with his fiddling, it would at least convince the public that there was something unusual about him. In matters of dress the ambitious fiddler must adopt Bernard Shaw's literary motto, Anything for novelty! A bit of carpet is just as well for a necktie; the coat should be in the style of the eighteenth century; the mane should either flow forward over the features like Niagara over the Cave of the Winds, or backward like the tail of a comet; and I am sure that the usual matinée audience would be delighted if the artist were to fiddle barefoot or in riding-boots.

The fiddler does not wear long hair because he likes it, *qua* hair, but because it is a thousand times more expensive for him to have it cut than for others; and he is a poor man.

One of the greatest pianists in the world wears his hair, on his estate in Poland, like a Chicago business man, but his manager inexorably refuses to let him appear in public until it has reached a certain long minimum. In fact, musical managers are such sticklers on this point that I suspect them all to have descended from the tribe of Levi.

Long hair, however, has an emotional

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as well as a financial basis. There is not a little modern significance in the legend of the Thracian ladies who paid the musician Orpheus such energetic court as to destroy him; and much of the fiddler's moral notoriety is due to the effect of certain music which tends to invert sex characteristics and to make woman the aggressor. The path of many a musician is strewn with a kind of temptation of which most men know nothing, and he who comes from the fire with clean garments after the sound of the flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music has had its effect, is made of stern stuff indeed.

Often the musician's charm is short-circuited from his occupation to its badge, as with the soldier and his brass buttons, so that his power, like Samson's, is as the square of his distance from the barber.

The extraordinary number of divorces in the world of music is due in part to the customs of Thrace, which have made possible such a newspaper paragraph as the following:

"Last evening, for the first time in America, at the second of these concerts, Mme. X. performed the third concerto of her fourth husband."

All these forces, then—the remnants of a menial past, the pauper classes, the poverty of the profession, the ideals of the Musical Union, an overspecialization in technic resulting in lack of culture, egotism and eccentricity, and the peculiarly emotional nature of the art—these have kept down the musician's social position and retarded the evolution of American music in two chief ways. In the first place, Americans have been led to believe that no one can be a genuine virtuoso except a freak with a harsh foreign name, and led to adopt the German's absurd attitude toward the American musical temperament. In the second place, the American musician has found that almost his only hope of success lies in masquerading as a foreigner. Smith must become Smithski and live in mortal fear, knowing that when his incognito is pricked the bubble of his fame will vanish, and he will have to support life then at two dollars a lesson, with hotel engagements in the summer.

Barnum was right. "The American public delights to be fooled;" and nowhere has it proved simpler than in accepting for itself German standards in music, with no correction for possible differences of national temperament. Even if the German had no financial reasons for believing that our musicians are cold and hard and have "*kein Herz*," we might well ask ourselves whether we are not emotionally a trifle saner and less hysterical than the Teuton who loves to bathe his spirit in "droppings of warm tears" far oftener than he loves to bathe his body. Music is the universal language. Why should we insist on a foreign accent?

The situation of an American in one of our excellent "American" orchestras is pitiable enough, unless he goes into it temporarily in a dilettante spirit of adventure. Musically he is despised by every one on the *a priori* ground of his nationality. Socially he is ostracised, both by society, which considers him a musician, and by the orchestra, which considers him no musician. He is in the position of Rubinstein, who complained that the Russians called him a Pole, the Poles a Jew, and the Jews a Gentile.

We have done our native music incalculable harm by accepting the dictum of an intensely patriotic people on our own art, which is quite foreign to their nature; but a German philosopher has pointed out our mistake to us. That remarkable book "Rembrandt als Erzieher" is founded on the thesis that true art must be national, through and through, and the following passage is of significance to America:

"The aristocratic character of all Art, which has always been acknowledged, is deeply grounded, and may be vindicated from several different viewpoints. In the first place, Art is aristocratic because it serves the higher interests of humanity, which are earnestly taken to heart only by a small portion of mankind. It is aristocratic, as well, because it requires independence above all (it is more aristocratic to stand upon one's own feet than to make one's self the slave of foreign theories); and, finally, because every spiritual as well as every political noble-

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man springs from the native soil and is attached to it. . . . 'He is made of earth.' That the native-born stands higher, is more important, and in every respect more remarkable and significant than the naturalized citizen, may be put down . . . as a spiritual and artistic as well as a political truth."

It is because the Germans have ideas like these that they treat their own musicians so well and criticise ours so harshly. If they should carry this spirit into commerce, we would reciprocate promptly and vigorously, As we have aped them in all other musical matters, would it not be at least consistent to go one step farther and give our native musicians as much of artistic and social consideration as the Germans give theirs? Ours need it far more.

Because we have as yet embraced no such philosophy, we make it a rule to rate the performances of our débutantes, whom having not seen we love and hate, by the standards of Berlin and Paris, not by our own. In music we have no standards of our own—no individualism whatever. We do not stand on our own feet, but howl when the pointed German shoe pinches. We do not demand that a man shall be a musician, but that he shall have been well received on the Continent. It is easy to see how destructive such servility is to our native music; for the American virtuoso must learn to pander to the tastes of Europeans—and thereby divest himself of his National characteristics—before he can fill his scrap-book with the eulogies necessary for a descent upon New York.

Theodore Thomas, the late lamented father of American music, saw clearly the evils of our attitude, and fought them almost from the time when he had to play in a New York saloon to keep from starving. Just as he educated his audiences up from Johann Strauss to Richard Strauss, so he tried to teach them that a man may look normal and yet speak the universal language with a silver tongue; that Powell and Sherwood are names as great in the kingdom of music as Petchnikoff and Gabrilowitsch. He himself set an example of unostentation even when a little "side" would have seemed quite justifiable in the world's greatest conductor; and he never tolerated freakishness among his men. In this unrecognized department of art he did a profound service to our native music, which has bettered the status of the American musician considerably within the last ten years.

Another hopeful sign of the times is the conviction which seems to be gradually spreading that a cultured man will eventually make a better musician than a barbarian, other things being anything like equal. Even in view of the increasing demands of modern composers on technic, we seem to be passing out of the stage of over-specialization, and Music is attracting a constantly increasing number of college men.

As another delightful symptom of progress, the philanthropist is awaking to the fact that the orchestra is one of the most potent vehicles of culture, and that an American orchestra worthy of the name must, as yet, be liberally backed.

The basis of all art is personality. Evolution may be trusted to accomplish its perfect work, but let us hasten the operation of those leisurely forces which are finally to give the American musician his noble place in our spiritual aristocracy, by treating him, not like a bizarre music-box, but like a talented brother.

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A Critic of High Rank

READERS of current literature who are eager to recognize good writing whenever and wherever it appears began to look for the work of Mr. Paul Elmer More eight or ten years ago and to count him one of the men to be reckoned with in the near future. He had taught at Cambridge and Bryn Mawr, and his early essays contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly" showed the influence of his surroundings, but escaped the peril of that provincialism of feeling which in universities is as real as provincialism of ideas in the uninstructed provinces. There were, it is true, evidences that the academic tendency was likely to struggle with the literary tendency, and that there would come a decisive moment at some stage in a promising career when the question of primary or derivative work could not be evaded, and might be settled, as such questions often are when there is a nice balancing of gifts and interests, by the accident of surroundings.

Mr. More's work was academic in the genuine and broad scholarship which it revealed, in the feeling for the proprieties in the higher sense of the word which penetrated it, and in its emphasis upon those elements in writing which belong to workmanship as distinguished from art. There was, however, in these early essays a sincerity of ethical feeling, a care for the spiritualities of writing, a touch of humanity in warmth and quickness of sympathy, an underlying earnestness of spirit, which gave promise of a balance between the faculty which creates and that which judges, refines, and corrects.

The three series of "Shelburne Essays"[1] contain the work which Mr. More regards as having the best claim upon public attention, and readers who care for sound writing and for the sanctity of the great traditions of the literary art must value these well-considered and well-written essays. They reveal, at the outset, deep-going intellectual integrity; they are the work of a man of vigorous and sensitive intellect, who has made few concessions to the taste of his time, and has gone his own way towards perfection with resolute loyalty. In an age of easy writing Mr. More has taken the difficult road which runs along the uplands instead of the river bottoms, and, while it rarely lacks noble views, often abounds in hard climbing and that kind of self-denial which puts aside quick and profitable success. That he is a persistent and thorough worker Mr. More's essays demonstrate, not by any suggestion of labor, but by the range of their literary knowledge and the well-knit and compacted framework of their thought.

He has committed himself heart and soul to the cherishing of the best in art as he sees it, at all costs and to the rejection of all inferiority, no matter how popular and profitable. This devotion to the propagation of the best gives Mr. More's critical work not only authority but a tonic quality, and stamps him as one of the little group of men who have proved their right to speak with a certain confidence in their own opinions. Sometimes this loyalty to the best becomes a little self-conscious, but that is to be expected at a time when every lover of the best in art must be a fighter for his faith.

The literary editor of a daily newspaper of position and weight in all matters of scholarship, Mr. More has kept the tone and atmosphere of literature as contrasted with the spirit and method of journalism, and has given his critical work the stamp of leisure, ripeness, and that pervading air of the larger relationships of things which comes into specific work only when that work is related habitually to the totality of art. The elaborate studies which Mr. More contributes to the Saturday issue of the New York "Evening Post" are notable in American journalism by reason not only of their rarity but of their insight, their refinement of manner, their independence of judgment. Work of this quality is so unusual and so valuable that it deserves

[1] *Shelburne Essays.* By Paul Elmer More. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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the most generous recognition, not only for its literary quality, but for the resolute integrity of spirit and of workmanship which it reveals.

The range of Mr. More's interests appears at a glance when one looks at the contents of these volumes. His equipment for his work in point of scholarship is shown in the ease with which he handles literary work at both extremes of the field—the purely classical and the uncompromisingly modern. He discusses Greek themes and the latest impressionist writing with real feeling for the vitality in the old and the new; the significance of Delphi in Greek thought and the subtle and elusive region where the scientific thought of the West and the mysticism of the East seem to meet in Lafcadio Hearn's Nightmare Touch. He has been a teacher of more than one Oriental language, and there is abundant evidence of his familiarity with several modern literatures.

In point of methodical use of ample equipment, thoroughness of method, and courageous determination to tell the truth without fear or favor, Mr. More's essays are the best American parallels of those incomparable *Lundis* which for a quarter of a century every Tuesday morning sent Sainte-Beuve "down to the bottom of a pit, not to reascend until Friday evening at some unknown hour," and which have done more than any similar body of writing to define French literature in racial and artistic terms.

Mr. More has not lost his academic tastes, and occasionally one catches the academic echo in his judgments; but he is saved from the aridity and narrowness of the academic spirit in its dogmatic mood by the breadth of his sympathies and his genuine care for the things of the spirit. He is never supercilious toward the democratic ideal, however emphatic he may be in pointing out the shortcomings of many who profess to follow it; there is none of that irritating air of superiority toward the "herd" which is so often the attitude of slenderly equipped persons of culture resentful of the failure of the working world to recognize their presence by stopping the noise of toil and exchanging working for Sunday clothes. Mr. More has the instincts of the scholar and the tastes of the man of culture; but his feet are on the ground; he is conspicuously free from those gusts of insanity which beset partially trained writers and make the opportunity of insincere *poseurs* like Oscar Wilde and irresponsible wits and advertisers of the order of George Bernard Shaw. And he has a generous endowment of that common sense which is the conservator of art, as genius is its inspiration.

He has his fling occasionally at the modern order of things, as in his essay on "Don Juan," which is pungent and effective, but altogether too sure and sweeping in the immense generalization which is its sum and substance. There are many indications that the natural drift is not at bottom toward "official optimism," but toward a discouraged and somewhat cynical pessimism. The poet who sees the ultimate types in a world which is essentially one of processes and not of perfect achievements, always has been and always will be touched with melancholy; in this mood all thoughtful people share at times; but it is never, except in those hours when a man "lets himself go," so to speak, a matter for the light, cynical manner, or the bitter, cynical laugh. Is it not wiser to wait patiently on such a vast movement in human affairs as that which has been effected by science rather than pass swift judgment upon it? And may there not be something which shall make ultimately for art in a view of the universe which gives the most subtle and poetic divination of the East a new significance? Shakespeare, it is true, could play the cynic, as he did in "Timon of Athens" and "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," but one may suspect that these plays are the voice of the poet of moods, while "Cymbeline" and "The Tempest" are the voice of the poet of vision.

The sanity and integrity of Mr. More's work must make those who value both its influence and its example jealous of any surrender of its fine poise, any diminution of an authority which rests on insight and sympathy as well as on knowledge and taste. In the long run, vision is as much a part of judgment as is clear perception of facts.

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Comment on Current Books

Business of Life Insurance (The). By Miles M. Dawson. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. $1.50, net.

The appearance of this exposition of the business of life insurance is of especial interest at the present time, when the public mind is so agitated and so apprehensive as the result of the disclosures of the past few weeks. Mr. Dawson writes as an actuary of long experience, addressing himself primarily to those holding or contemplating the purchase of life insurance. The comparative merits and defects of the various systems of insurance and forms of policy, the methods whereby rates are or should be fixed, the "schemes" adopted by companies to increase their business—in short, almost every topic connected with the subject is discussed with a mingling of criticism, advice, and warning. Dealing with recent revelations, Mr. Dawson draws an apt parallel between the conditions now beginning to put in an appearance in life insurance and those obtaining in the notorious Crédit Mobilier projects. But he reassuringly insists that "it is not true that any very considerable amount of this sort of thing has as yet been indulged in. The evil has been exposed in its very infancy, and if extirpated now no great injury will result." A programme of reform is briefly outlined: "Greater publicity in annual reports so as to show the entire movement of a company's investments each year in detail; prohibition of investments in stocks or rigorous restrictions upon the same; conditions governing investments in corporate bonds similar to those enforced in the case of savings banks; and disqualification, enforced strictly in all cases, of all directors of a life insurance company who profit directly or indirectly by the sale of securities to the company, or by loans made by it." National supervision finds warm advocacy, although Mr. Dawson confesses his inability to perceive how National supervision can be attained without the Supreme Court reversing its decision in the "Paul vs. Virginia" case, or, as an alternative, without amending the Constitution. Practical, suggestive, and soundly informative, this book should find a wide audience. We commend it particularly to the attention of all legislators who would deal intelligently with the insurance problem in its several phases.

Carlyles (The). By Mrs. Burton Harrison. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Another Civil War story with double intermarriages for plot. It begins with the fall of Richmond, of which there is detailed description. The hero is suspected of complicity in Mr. Lincoln's assassination and is arrested therefor; the author makes use of the opportunity here to give some suggestion of the prison life of the suspects and the condemned.

Chief American Poets (The): Selected Poems. Edited by Curtis Hidden Page, Ph.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.75, net.

This volume, Mr. Page tells us, is in no sense an anthology. Like the editor's "British Poets of the Nineteenth Century," it "attempts to give, for each one of the authors included, all the material needed to show his development and achievement, and to give a first knowledge of him as man and poet." The selection, therefore, has been made very full, and includes many poems of considerable length. The writers represented are Bryant, Poe, Emerson, Longfellow, Whitman, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, and Lanier, and the poems of each author are arranged in chronological order and dated. Brief biographical sketches present a summary of each author's life, and there are notes and reference lists, the whole work done with thorough intelligence and good taste.

China and Religion. By Edward Harper Parker, M.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50, net.

This history of religion in China has the merit of being both critical and impartial. Whether Taoism and Confucianism are religions, or merely systems of philosophy and ethics, may be controverted; but that they are manifestations of the religious spirit cannot reasonably be denied. It might have been pointed out here that Taoism shows a close kinship to what we are familiar with as Stoicism, in which philosophy and religion combine. The history of the imported religions—Christianity in various forms, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Judaism—is sketched in successive chapters, and lastly Shintoism, apparently a modified type of the native Taoism, which the Japanese, "to counteract European missionary influence," are now endeavoring to introduce. The outstanding fact in all this diversity of competing religions is the remarkable tolerance accorded to them all. Toward missionaries, of whom Americans now constitute the majority if only Protestants are counted, Professor Parker's attitude is both respectful and critical, but full value is assigned to their medical, charitable, and educational work. As the fruit of scholarly research pursued in a sympathetic spirit, this history, most timely for the present interest in the now beginning renaissance of China, should command the attention of those who would understand the past which it builds upon.

Christianity and Socialism. By Washington Gladden. Eaton & Mains, New York. $1, net.

This little volume has the characteristics which the student has become accustomed to look for in Dr. Gladden's writings on sociological topics: a broad knowledge derived from wide courses of reading and study; a catholic and non-partisan mind, free from prepossessions; a consequent

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understanding of the different points of view of opposing partisans; human sympathy with both employer and employed, union man and non-union man; practical good sense; and the Christian spirit. His volume may be characterized in a word as one of wise counsels. If they were accepted and carried out by the capitalists and the laborers in the spirit in which they are given, the dangers of labor difficulties would be greatly diminished if not averted altogether.

English Essays. Selected and Edited by Walter C. Bronson, Litt.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.75, net.

A selection of representative English essays from the time of Bacon to that of Stevenson, intended for use with college classes in introductory courses in literature, the chief purpose of the editor being to cultivate a liking for good English prose, and to give some knowledge of English thought as it has found expression in English essays of the last three hundred years.

Extinct Animals. By E. Ray Lankester, M.A., LL.D. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.75.

This finely illustrated volume contains the lectures given to a juvenile audience in London two years ago by a distinguished teacher of natural history. Its illustrations are reproduced from the lantern slides used by the lecturer. It is well adapted to arouse the interest of adult as well as youthful minds in a fascinating branch of study. Elementary lessons in geology and comparative anatomy are blended with the story of the creatures, monstrous and minute, that have ceased to be. The evolution of the elephant from "a long-jawed creature," and the recent discovery in Egypt of the link between the tusked elephant and mammals with teeth of the typical kind, form an interesting story. While there were giants of old, it is a mistake, says Dr. Lankester, to think that there has been everywhere a dwindling of size. The horse is bigger than his progenitors; some whales are bigger than any creature yet discovered in the past. A passing glimpse is given at prehistoric man, whose antiquity is conjectured as 150,000 years—a conservative estimate. But the "thousands of millions of years" assigned as the age of some fossil shells some eminent authorities do not accept.

Flute of Pan (The). By John Oliver Hobbes. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Times have indeed changed since it could be said of a book by John Oliver Hobbes that it was "without a dull page." In the present story we miss the clever epigrams and the brilliant dialogue which characterized much of her previous work, and there is nothing to take their place.

French Pathfinders in North America. By William Henry Johnson. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

In his earlier books, and particularly in his "Pioneer Spaniards in North America," Mr. Johnson evinced rare skill in presenting history in a garb attractive to the juvenile mind, and his present effort is no less successful in this respect. The book deals, as its title indicates, with the achievements of Cartier, Ribaut, Champlain, Nicollet, Joliet, Marquette, De la Salle, Hennepin, and other notable French explorers of the New World, and in the main the text follows the best authorities. It is interesting to observe that Mr. Johnson, while including Radisson in virtue of that "picturesque scoundrel's" experiences in the Lake Superior region, hastens to disclaim acquiescence in the recently advanced contention that to Radisson belongs the primacy now accorded to Joliet, Marquette, and De la Salle in the discovery of the Northwest.

History of Our Own Times (A). Vols. IV. and V. By Justin McCarthy. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. Per vol., $1.40, net.

In these volumes Justin McCarthy carries his history from the Diamond Jubilee of the reign of Queen Victoria to the accession of Edward VII. This period includes the rising and consummation of the South African troubles, the development of a new civilization in the East, the political and industrial progress of the working classes, some marked educational and philanthropic movements, and closes with a retrospect of the Victorian era. Mr. McCarthy needs no introduction to the readers of The Outlook. He is always interesting, and though sometimes gossipy and sometimes affected by personal prepossessions, he writes with singular fairness of temper. His history is journalistic rather than scientific, and he sometimes turns aside from the history of a case to be its advocate. Some of the chapters suggest to the reader that they have served a previous purpose as a magazine article and have not been recast for their present use in this history. But whatever criticism in detail may be made upon this work, we do not think that there is any book on which the reader can so well rely for the history of our own times—that is, in round numbers, the history of the last half of the nineteenth century—as on this work of Justin McCarthy now brought to its close.

In Our Convent Days. By Agnes Repplier, Litt.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.10, net.

Delightful studies of girl nature told with humor and literary grace. It belongs in the same class of fiction as to subject as does Miss Jordan's "Tales of a Cloister," and, if less riotously amusing, is perhaps more delicately wrought.

In the Land of the Strenuous Life. By Abbé Félix Klein. (Author's Translation.) Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $2, net.

An excellent translation of "Au Pays de la Vie Intense," the vivacious account written by Abbé Félix Klein of his visit to America in 1902. An intelligent and sympathetic observer, the author is led into very few errors in his estimate of Americans, and we are benefited by seeing ourselves as others see us. Particularly interesting is his outlook upon the religious condition in America, gained,

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naturally, from conversation with prominent men in his own Church. He finds America far from being a Protestant country in which the Catholic Church is respected, as he anticipated, but in reality "a country half theistic and half Christian, in which Catholicism holds the highest place." Probably this verdict would have been modified if the writer had come in contact with more men of non-Catholic faiths. He was constantly contrasting the freedom accorded here to Catholics with the restrictions in France, evident both within the institutions of the Church, and without in civil and social circles. The wit and brilliancy that shine upon every page, and illuminate the acute judgments made by Abbé Klein, give a unique charm to the record, and will attract many readers. Fortunate in his acquaintance here, the Abbé met Father Doyle, Bishop Spalding, Cardinal Gibbons, and other Church dignitaries, President Roosevelt, and several men prominent in army and State affairs. The book offers many temptations to quote, but that is impossible here, and the reader must find for himself such quaint descriptions as that of the colored Baptist meeting; the dedication of the Sherman statue; the visit to Bryn Mawr College; the estimate of Mr. Carnegie and of Pittsburg, and many other bits of great interest. Several good portraits embellish the volume and add to its value.

In the Land of the Gods. By Alice Mabel Bacon. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50.

A collection of short stories illustrative of those Japanese beliefs and traditions which Miss Bacon regards as the sources of the Japanese qualities and traits which have been so clearly shown the world during the great crisis of the last two years. These stories are very happily phrased, full of the spirit of intuition, and thoroughly sympathetic with the life which they describe.

Lessons in Lip-Reading for Self-Instruction. By Edward B. Nitchie. The Surdus Publishing Co., New York. $1. (Postage, 6c.)

This is likely to prove a valuable manual for self-help to a class under a serious physical disadvantage. It has the merit of authorship by one who has emancipated himself from that disadvantage by the method, here exhibited in full detail, of which he has been a successful teacher. In substance it is a larger and improved edition of his former work, "Self-Instructor in Lip-Reading."

Line of Love (The). By James Branch Cabell. Illustrated in Color. Harper & Bros., New York. $2.

This is a series of romantic tales of mediæval times. Love is the common element in all of them. They are written in the richly colored, tapestry-like style which in the hands of a master like Maurice Hewlett produces such wonderful effects. Unfortunately, in the present volume the tapestry gives the impression of being machine-made and a little threadbare. Colored illustrations by Howard Pyle help to make the volume a handsome one for the holidays.

Little Masterpieces of English Poetry. Edited by Henry van Dyke, assisted by Hardin Craig, Ph.D. In 6 vols. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Price per vol., 75c.; per set, $4.50, net.

A companion to the Science, Fiction, and Humor Series. Few persons have the means to accumulate a library of song as embodied in the works of the great poets; few have the ability to select the great works from among the many that are not great even in the productions of the great poets; few have time to read poetry, except casually and incidentally. For the many, therefore, such a collection as this, wisely selected, and adapted to the limits of both time and purse of the average reader, is of real and not inconsiderable value. Dr. van Dyke's name is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the selection.

London Films. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. $2.25, net.

A delectable hour may be passed in reading this record of Mr. Howells's recent stay in England. He is still master of the gentle irony, the subtle, mischievous suggestion, the humorous backward glance, that have fascinated his readers for years. One pauses to enjoy for a quiet moment the strikingly apt phrase, the whimsical turn, that give Mr. Howells's writing its peculiar effect. He sighingly wishes, for instance, that English houses could be "built reversible, so as to be turned inside out in some weathers." Then we might be comfortable in them. In Exeter, where "there is such a beautiful cathedral," for instance, the bedroom grate was the size of a quart pot—and one was aware of a "gelid mediæval back behind one." Who has not felt the same? In the shows and side-shows of State he takes a tempered and gentle interest, and wonders how a sovereign with so many pleasures to poison his life can find time to reign. He affects a coy timidity when it comes to comparing New York and London, and warns the American against the desire to be caressed for his nationality—believing that he stands a better chance personally among the English, and boldly adds, "I do not like *all* Americans myself." The chapters upon American Origins, Northern and Southern, are full of the leisurely, elusive quality so rare and yet so truly appreciated by us all. While Mr. Howells disclaims, rather insistently for him, any serious design in developing the pictures imprinted upon his sensitized mind, one puts down the book with a feeling that distinct and valuable impressions are the reward for reading, and that the reading, in process, has been a pure intellectual luxury.

Louisiana: A Record of Expansion. By Albert Phelps. (American Commonwealths.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.10, net.

It has been Mr. Phelps's effort in this latest addition to the American Commonwealths Series to give a broad survey setting forth both the details of the internal history of Louisiana and its place in the development of the United States, and until the events of the nineteenth century are reached he has

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attained this aim to a commendable degree, with particular success in treating the early years of discovery, exploration, and settlement, and the circumstances surrounding the acquisition of Louisiana from the French and the results that have followed therefrom. But the periods from the close of the War of 1812 to the outbreak of the War of Secession, and from the inauguration of President Hayes to the present day, are sketched in all too meager outline, while the war-time and reconstruction history of Louisiana is presented almost entirely from a sectional point of view. From the narrative standpoint little fault is to be found, the style being graceful and flowing and the interest unfailingly sustained.

Miss Cherry-Blossom of Tokyo. By John Luther Long. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. $2.50.

A new edition of Mr. Long's well-known romance of Japan, a tale of love between Japanese maiden and American brave man, told with charm and well-rendered Oriental atmosphere. By elaborate decoration and illustration a desirable gift-book edition has been made.

Mother (The). By Norman Duncan. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. $1.25.

An actress who, to retain the love and respect of her child, leads, while with him, a life of pretense, is "the mother" in this vivid little tale. We shall comment on the story at greater length later. The book is published in two editions, one of which is a limited edition printed and bound with exceptional taste.

Mountain of Fears (The). By Henry C. Rowland. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. $1.50.

Studies of the horrible, abnormal, and grotesque as found by a certain Dr. Leyden, physician and psychologist, in the West Indies, the Far East, and remote corners of the globe. The tales are vivid and strange. The readers of The Outlook may remember "The Bamboula," which first appeared in these pages.

My Lady's Slipper. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50, net.

A story of the romantic type, constructed in accordance with the most usual of formulas. The pages are profusely decorated to make a pretty holiday book.

Mystery of June 13th (The). By Melvin L. Severy. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.

A tissue of preposterous absurdities, and, moreover, an exceedingly badly written book. Even a story of criminal mystery and detection should have some semblance of common sense.

Natural History for Young People (A). By Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

A dozen or so colored plates and some three hundred black-and-white pictures not only make this book attractive, but afford a really good pictorial survey of the animal world. The text is written simply and clearly and is kept free from super-scientific terminology. Decidedly a commendable work.

Poems of John Keats (The). Edited by E. de Sélincourt. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.25.

This substantial octavo volume has a very competent editor, who has examined the Keats text with a scholar's eye and a student's patience, furnishing the book with a long introduction full of suggestive comments in the special direction of Keats's obligations to other and earlier poets. The notes are so full as to class this volume with texts for the expert rather than for the ordinary reader; and the appendices present a good deal of important matter, with an essay on the sources of Keats's poetic vocabulary, which will have special value, since Keats's diction is one of the prime elements in determining his rank as a poet. The frontispiece is a very successful photogravure of the Keats mask taken during life.

Queen Mary of Modena: Her Life and Letters. By Martin Haile. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4, net.

Although written from a strongly partisan standpoint, the author obviously being animated by a profound sympathy for the House of Stuart, Mr. Haile's biography of Mary of Modena, better known in history as the devoted and unhappy wife of James II., is undoubtedly of solid value to the historical student. Based principally on the correspondence of Queen Mary and that of the envoys Rizzini, Terriesi, and Hoffman, it for the first time makes available to English-speaking students much illuminative material relative to the closing years of the Stuart period and to the intrigues having for object another Stuart Restoration. Read with due critical caution, it contributes not merely to a fairer appreciation of the royal point of view, but to a better understanding of the policies of the Papacy and the several European monarchs in respect to Stuart England. Needless to say, the story unfolded by Mr. Haile is one of intense interest, traversing as it does the experiences of the young bride at the court of Charles II., the so-called Popish plot, the exile to the Netherlands and Scotland, the death of Charles, the brief and inglorious reign of James, the Revolution of 1688, the flight to France, and the futile efforts of the Jacobites to overturn the verdict of the English people. Nor is the interest lessened by the freedom with which citations are made from diplomatic and private correspondence, official documents, contemporary memoirs, etc. The one source of regret is that Mr. Haile, manifestly tireless in research and an adept in converting the results of research into narrative, has not preserved a judicial attitude.

Ramona. By Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.). Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

A very satisfactory edition of one of the stories which promises to be read for many

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years to come, written out of the most profound feeling, probably, that Mrs. Jackson ever put into any work, furnished with a series of full-page illustrations and suggestive chapter headings by Mr. Sandham, who was with Mrs. Jackson when she planned "Ramona" and accompanied her to Southern California. The value of the volume is very much increased by an admirable biographical sketch or introduction by "Susan Coolidge," the late Miss Sarah Chauncey Woolsey, who was for many years an intimate friend of Mrs. Jackson.

Red Romance Book (The). Edited by Andrew Lang. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.60, net.

All the colors in the rainbow having been exhausted in Mr. Lang's "Red Fairy Book" series, and the demand for new story-books continuing with insistence from the young readers whom he has so often delighted, we have here the first of a series of Romance Books, equally beautiful with their predecessors when regarded as gift-books, and equally delightful in the manner of telling. Mr. Lang is, of course, the editor, and furnishes a preface in which he shivers a lance in favor of romance as opposed to realism; but Mrs. Lang has written the stories out of the old romances and has done it admirably. Una and the Lion, Njal's Burning, Cupid and Psyche, the Cid, Don Quixote, the death of Gunnar, Guy of Warwick—these are some of the topics.

Romances of Old France. By Richard Le Gallienne. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. $1.50. (Postage, 10c.)

The charm of these old tales of friendship and love never dies; and new translations or new renderings, if they retain the quaintness of the original, are always welcome. Mr. Le Gallienne has made use of the beautiful forms we are familiar with as fashioned by William Morris and Andrew Lang, but he has added various graces of his own. The exquisite literary flavor of "Aucassin and Nicolette" or "King Florus and the Fair Jehane" holds the reader enrapt, and makes him glad that such beauty remains to us. The decorative form of this new edition is attractive.

Story of Noah's Ark (The). Told and Pictured by E. Boyd Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $2, net.

A capital piece of story-telling by colored pictures—humorous, but perfectly respectful to Noah and all his family. The animal drawing is excellent. We particularly praise the artist for abstaining from the grotesque excess too often seen in books of this class.

Twisted Eglantine. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

A fascinating story of the times when George IV. was Prince of Wales. The leading man character is another Beau Brummel, quite well drawn; the freshness, beauty, and grace of the heroine are deftly impressed upon the reader. As the "Beau" is not a moral person and the book describes some of his vices, it has passages which may be distasteful to some readers.

Visionaries. By James Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Highly imaginative stories, usually centering about the abnormal sensitiveness of overwrought genius. They are odd in conception and admirably told. Naturally, many of them hinge upon some phase of a musician's experience; some touch the occult and others reflect certain aspects of Parisian life.

Vivien. By W. B. Maxwell. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

A novel of more than usual interest and strength, showing the hardships, temptations, perils, and squalor of the lives of London working-girls known as "shoppies" and the trials of character besetting attractive maidenhood in the position of "lady-in-waiting" to a dame of high degree; a book of sharp contrasts. The picture is at times appalling and some may consider its realism too sharp; but if such conditions exist, the world can not be too strongly put on notice. The author's sincerity and close acquaintance with some sides of life portrayed is evident.

Wheat Princess (The). By Jean Webster. The Century Co., New York. $1.50.

An entertaining and well-written story upon somewhat novel lines. The heroine received her title because her father managed the wheat market in America, and almost forced starvation upon the Italian peasants by his dealings. Marcia, a gay girl, comes to Italy to visit her uncle, who is involved in philanthropic schemes quite as unfortunate for the Italians as the selfish business enterprises of his brother. American life in Italy, and many realistic glimpses of Italian living, the two united in the ideals and desires of the hero, give the author opportunity for some excellent work.

When You Were a Boy. By Edwin L. Sabin. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. $1.50.

The real boy, disheveled and merry, who smiles at you, with the sun in his eyes, from the cover of this book, is just the boy who has been loved and scolded and laughed at for years, in every normal family. Probably those unfortunate children born and brought up in the city never knew the intense joys of "goin' swimmin," or "the Match Game," or the "Sunday-school picnic." But Johnny Walker knew these, and more, and we read of his serious, energetic absorption in play, fighting, and fishing, and his impatience at the restrictions of school, manners, and society, with reminiscent joy.

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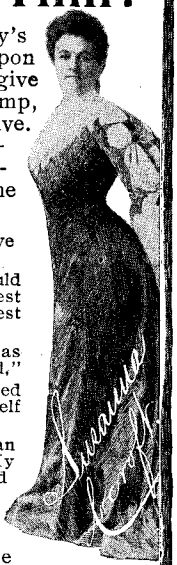

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FROM TEXAS

Some Coffee Facts From the Lone Star State

'rom a beautiful farm down in Texas, where hing springs unite to form babbling brooks that d their sparkling way through flowery meads, ıes a note of gratitude for delivery from the ee habit.

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In fact the entire family, from the latest arrival -year-old who always calls for his 'potie' first g in the morning) up to the head of the house, k there is no drink so good or so wholesome as tum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle ek, Mich.

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